Vol. CXXXV. No. 1754.

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[THE BYSTANDER, JULY 28, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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A Hotel magnificently and artistically equipped, having a remarkable situation in a beautiful and unspoiled Highland district. 18 Acres of grounds of flower and rock gardens, terraces, waterfalls, etc. Perfect Cuisine, deft Service, Palatial Public Rooms, comfortable Bedrooms (H. & C.), modern Bathrooms, Central Heating and Electric Light. Lock-up Garages. Golf at Aberfoyle, Callander and Gleneagles. Fishing on Loch Ard free to residents. Charges moderate. Apply Management for Tariff. 'Phone and Telegrams: Kinlochard 215.

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Quiet and comfortable.

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Among the orange trees.

All under the same management. Special arrangements for interchange.
Terms from Three Guineas per week.

AUSTRIA

Semmering.–Grand Hotel Panhans.–World-renow'd htl. of Aust. Alps. 60 mls. fr. Vienna. Sports, Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Semmering.–3,000 ft. a.s.l.–1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**— Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.–Palace Hotel.–Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf, Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front, near Casino. Free conveyance to Links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Juan-les-Pins.—Ambassadeurs.— 1st-class. Sunny rooms with balcony facing beach. Moderate terms. A.A., R.A.C.

FRANCE—*continued*

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—P. de C. Golf Hotel.—Facing Links, Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel.– 200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.— Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934 Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.— 1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Stephanie.— The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Pension from M.14.

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

Baden - Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY– *continued*

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.— World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel. — First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. R.M. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne –Hotel Comœdienhof.–Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne.— Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.— Up-to-date renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Dir. Otto Holl.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The Modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class Hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf–Breidenbacher Hof–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.— nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hanover.–Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from R.M. 5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.–Hotl. Reichspost. —The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck near **Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Rest'rant Hundseck** (2952 ft.). Sit. Black Fst. 160 beds. Mdn. comf. Pens. fr. R.M 7 to R.M 9.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.– First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

Munich — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

GERMANY—*continued*

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.— Hotel Königshof.—All comforts; moderate prices. Sit. the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden.–Bl. For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.–** 20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house —priv. swim. pool—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from 9 Mks.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

ITALY.

Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.**—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.–Hotel Schweizerhof.–Renown'd excel. cook. & comf. Rooms fr. fr. 5.50. Pens. rate from fr. 13. Th. Wirth, Man.-Prop.

Lausanne. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class. The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–1st-class English House. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rest. Pte. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar

Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland) Grand Hotel Palace.—Fin. sit. dir'tly on lake-prom., quiet yet cent., open-air rest'ant, l'ge park, tennis.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar. Bch.

Ouchy - Lausanne. — Hotel du Château. — 1st.-cl. hotel in own park on the lake Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms R.M. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

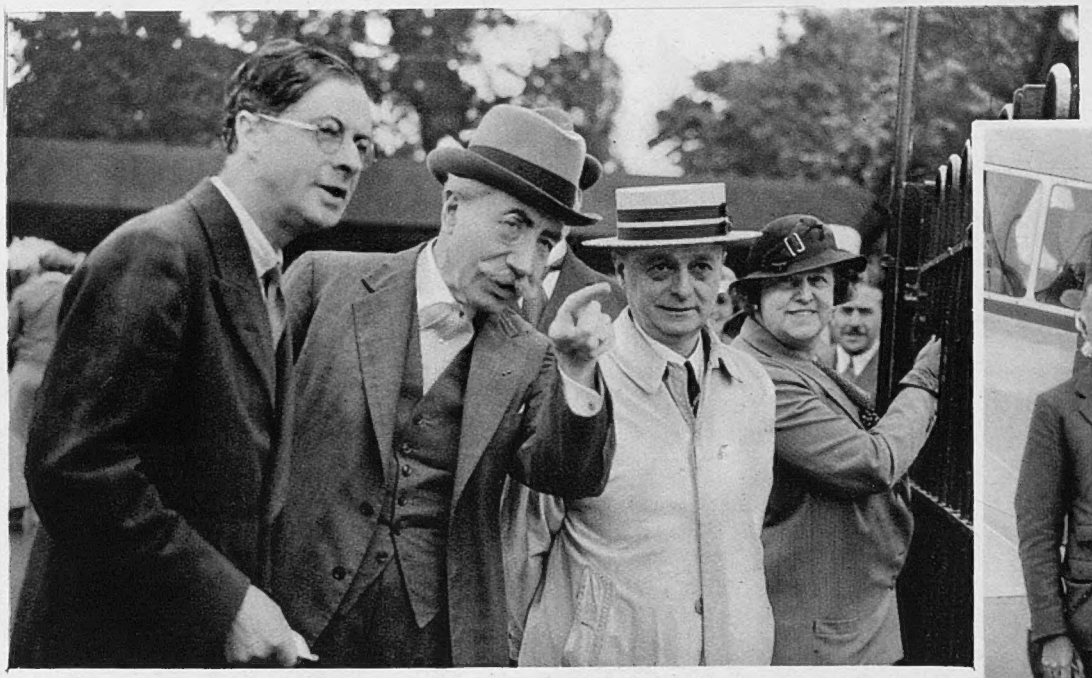
Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–First-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge gar., swim., ten., mount'ing, all inc. rates frm 15/-

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from Frs.s. 14.50. F. Borter Propr.

The Bystander

Marlene Dietrich Starts for Europe

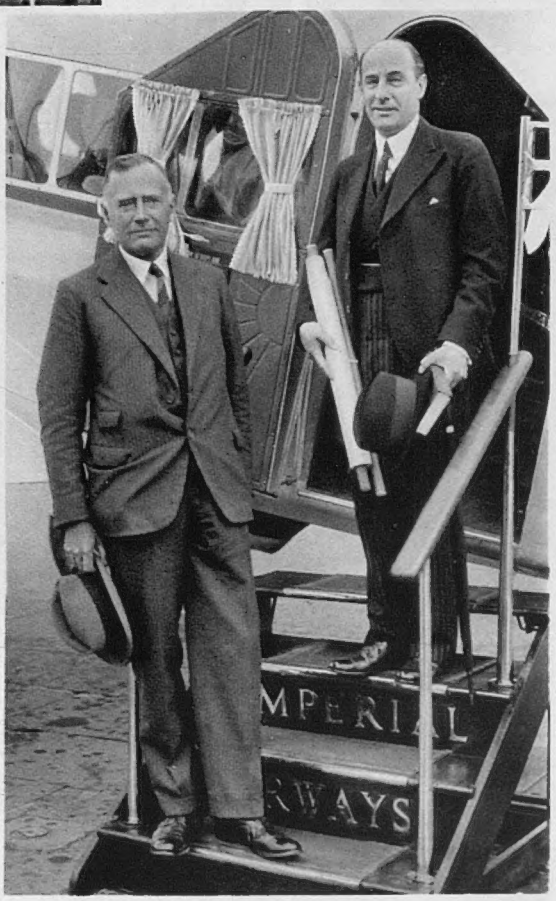
Marlene Dietrich and her husband, Rudolph Sieber, were photographed at Los Angeles just before they left for a trip to Europe. Their small daughter Maria comes with them. Two pictures with Marlene as star are on their way to London, one from Hollywood and one from Denham. Hollywood sends *Angel*, a comedy which Ernst Lubitsch directed, with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas to make up the usual triangle. The Denham film is Korda's *Knight Without Armour*, which we used to hear so much of when it was being made. In that Robert Donat plays opposite Marlene. It has already had a terrific success in New York, and over here is going to be the opening film at the Odeon, the fine new cinema which the Alhambra's ghost will haunt



Looking at Strange Animals

Baron Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, was naturally one of the first visitors to the Zoo to see how the new okapi was getting on. This quaint animal, half zebra and half giraffe, is only the second to live in captivity in this country and, like his predecessor, Congo, was presented by King Leopold of the Belgians. With the Ambassador is Mr. Julian Huxley, secretary of the Zoological Society

All In the Day's Work



Flying Over Roads

Dr. Leslie Burgin, Mr. Hore-Belisha's successor at the Ministry of Transport, was fully equipped for a day's work, with map and aeroplane and his Ministry's chief engineer (Major C. C. Cooke); and what looks like a novel. He was off to survey problems on the Great North Road from the air

Being Shown the Exposition

Professor Max Reinhardt was passing through Paris on his way to the Salzburg Festival and had to stop outside the Austrian Pavilion, with its glass facings, to be photographed with his wife who is Helene Thimig, the actress. The Festival at Salzburg began last week and goes on to the end of August: Reinhardt is producing "Everyman"

Talking Politics at a Miners' Picnic

Sandwiches, speeches and band contests are the order of the day at Morpeth when hundreds of Northumberland miners gather for an annual gala al fresco. Miss Ellen Wilkinson put a comic mask in her béret and light allusions in her speech; but the miners would rarely take anything amiss from the Jarrow Member who snipes the Government so continually

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

The Royal Empire Society Honours a Pro-Consul

The Royal Empire Society gave a luncheon in honour of Sir Roger Lumley, Governor of Bombay, and Lady Lumley, the day before he received his knighthood and G.C.I.E. Lord Halifax was in the chair, and is seen between the guests of honour. The new Governor has sat in Parliament since 1922 and held numerous P.P.S.s: he succeeds Lord Brabourne

Going to the Garden-Party

All dressed up and somewhere very important to go was the air about Lt.-Col. Sir Gordon Carter and Lord Glanely as they walked from their cars to Buckingham Palace for the Royal Garden-Party, each with hat tilted just a shade to the right

MR. EDEN has made two most important statements, nominally addressed to the Labour Party in the House of Commons, but actually directed to the authorities in Rome, and Berlin. "We intend," said Mr. Eden, "to maintain our position in the Mediterranean. There is room for all on this arterial road. It is also a major part of the policy of the Government that the eastern shore of the Red Sea should not be occupied by any great Power."

In view of the desire of Signor Mussolini to turn the Mediterranean into an Italian lake, this declaration is very timely, and it was no wonder that it was greeted with growls of approval from all parts of the House.

The second statement was a most emphatic reiteration that our friendship with France is the cardinal point of our foreign policy. "There was a time," he said, "when we did not see eye to eye always with the French Government, but that time is passed." It is certainly encouraging to the believers in democracy to know that the two great democratic countries of Europe are standing so closely together.

FAR less reassuring was the astonishing line taken on the same day by Lord Cranborne, on the subject of the domination of Gibraltar by General Franco's heavy artillery. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill had both expressed their gravest concern about these guns, and asked for information about their size, purpose, and country of origin. Lord Cranborne made the extraordinary statement that it was not in the public interest to disclose the size of these guns, but he added that they were smaller than the guns of Gibraltar, and would not threaten the fortress. The House could hardly believe its ears, and Mr. Lloyd George repeated his questions. Lord Cranborne then admitted that these guns could dominate all the shipping in the Straits, and again repeated that although he knew the size of them it was against the public interest to disclose it. The country is left to infer that Mr. Churchill was right in claiming that these are 12-inch howitzers, either from Krupp, or from the Italian munitions factory of Ansaldo.

INTO his speech, Mr. Eden threw what might have appeared to be a casual reference to our good relations with the Egyptian Government. It was, of course, not in the least casual, but deliberate. There are incessant reports of Italian military preparations on the frontier between Egypt and Libya, and the British and Egyptian Governments are whole-heartedly in accord about the defence of the western frontier of Egypt. For a good many years now our relations with Cairo have not been of the happiest. The threat from outside has brought us together, and it would almost appear that the Egyptians prefer our friendship to that of the Fascist Government.

THE Labour Party has settled its annual dilemma this year by voting down their chief leaders. The difficulty which comes up year by year is whether to vote for the Defence Estimates, or against them, or to abstain. After twelve months of clamour for a policy of strong action abroad in defence of the League, it is a little difficult to justify opposition to the provision of arms with which to carry out this policy. This year the Socialists are not voting against the Estimates.

LORD SAMUEL, better known as Sir Herbert Samuel, does not like the Report of the Royal Commission on Palestine, and he tore it to shreds in a speech, a few days ago, in the House of Lords. The scheme would divide Palestine into an Arab State, a Jewish State, and a British Mandatory State, with a few "enclaves." Lord Samuel, an ex-High Commissioner of Palestine, and a brilliant philosopher and administrator, pointed out a terrible series of snags in the idea, especially the difficulties which will be caused by railways, roads, customs, finance, defence, and crime prevention. Unfortunately, when Lord Samuel put forward a constructive idea of his own, chiefly based upon a confederation of Arab States in the Near and Middle East, and upon a Jewish

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 123)

concession in the matter of emigration, and an Arab concession in the matter of the opening-up of Transjordania, it appeared to be even less practical than the Government's.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is having a pretty tough time of it, with one thing and another. His latest defeat over his Bill to reform the Supreme Court is a severe blow to his chances of carrying out the rest of his New Deal programme. It is not so much that he has lost the Bill. It is that he may have lost control over the Senate, as President Wilson did in the last two years of his second term of office. A Senate hostile to the President makes it almost impossible for him to carry out any major programme.

WHATEVER the outcome of the wretched crisis in China, there is one relieving feature, and that is the eagerness with which the United States and Great Britain have come together in quest of a peaceful solution. Anything that brings Downing Street and the White House nearer to each other in policy is crucial in world affairs, for it will ultimately become obvious to America that if their Government is ready to co-operate with ours in the Far East, in the end they must logically become ready to co-operate with us in Europe. After all, isolation must be real isolation. It cannot be a policy which is prepared to be non-isolated in the Pacific, and to be rigidly isolated in the Atlantic. The whole trend of President Roosevelt's policy is anti-dictatorship. So is ours. So is France's. The three countries will have to get together if the Dictators are to be successfully resisted.

DR. CRONIN has stirred up a pretty kettle of medical fish with his new book, *The Citadel*. Bernard Shaw attacked the doctors many years ago in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. But Harley Street has been left in peace from that date, until last week. Dr. Cronin knows what he is talking about, and he certainly has taken the gloves off in his vitriolic attack. The British Medical Association, in a meeting at Belfast, has been considerably worried by his book. Nor am I surprised.

THE Government's sale of the Cromwell Road site to a commercial company is, I think, a pity so long as there was the least chance of a firm bid of reasonable size for the establishment of a National Theatre at last. It is said that a bid was made but that it was not big enough. If this is the case, surely the Government might have waived a few thousand pounds in a cause of this kind. Must we for ever parade to the world that Napoleon was not far wrong in his shop-keeping taunt.

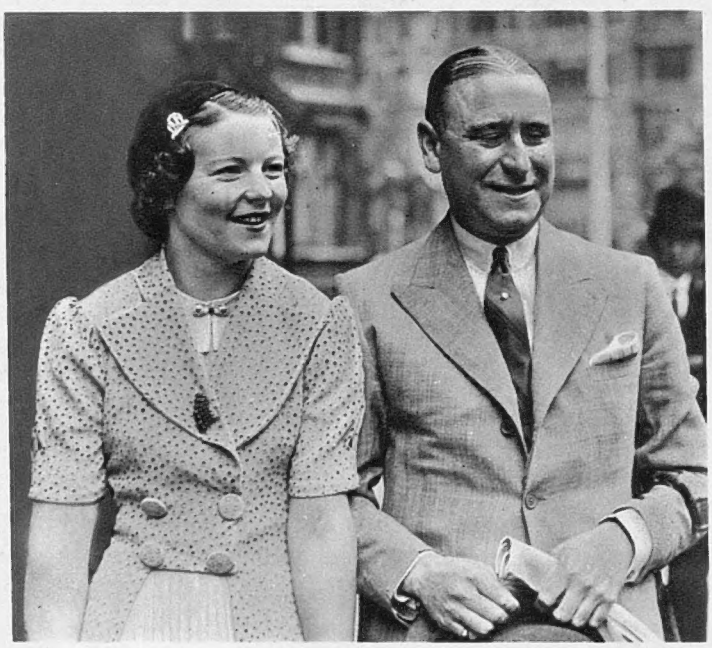
MECHANISATION is threatening another ancient amenity of life. An enterprising, modern-minded landlord of a Camberwell pub. has installed a television set in his saloon bar and another in his public bar. These have proved a great attraction and his custom has gone up by leaps and bounds. But he has also had to put up notices asking for silence. Silence in a tavern! Shades of the Mermaid, of Rabelais, of Villon, of Shakespeare! What a horrible idea. The next thing will be to take away the beer and just have tea and rusks. I commend the whole thing to the attention of the great "Beachcomber."

NO one who saw him bowl at the height of his powers will ever forget E. A. McDonald, the great Australian fast bowler. His action was the perfection of economy, and power, and grace, and his fast break-back was devastating.

He may not have been quite so intimidating as Gregory, but he was the better bowler.

TOMMY FARR, the British boxer, has staggered the reporters of New York. Instead of assuming the attitude of the modest British violet, he has outdone the greatest experts of American ballyhoo at their own game. When asked what his prospects were in his fight against Joe Louis, he replied cheerfully, "I shall beat Louis on August 26th, and after that I will defend my heavyweight title three times, and then retire. I am not afraid of anyone but God. All Joe has got to do is to stick out his chin, and he will be gone." Let us hope, for the honour of British boxing, that Mr. Farr is right, because British boxing, like American boxing, has suffered a good deal in prestige lately by the refusal of the respective champions to fight the German, Schmeling.

IT is quite a long time since I have had to indulge in the little pastime of apologising, not having, it seems, trodden upon any corns recently. But the golden age has come to an end, and my valets have had to rummage out the old suit of sackcloth. I said last week that the Black Forest had been suddenly closed to tourists. I am now told by the German Railways that this is completely untrue, and that large numbers of British tourists are flocking thither this year. Naturally, I hasten to apologise to everyone concerned, especially to the German Railways, for the stupid mistake. My only excuse is that my informant was a gentleman of such wide authority and high standing that it did not occur to me to check the story. But it is not really an excuse, and the fault is no one's but my own. And to all our tourists in that beautiful forest, may I say "Gute reise"?



Captain William Ogden and Miss Jayne Paget

Capt. William Ogden, the expert in precious stones, of King Street, St. James's, married Jayne Paget at the Caxton Hall Register Office, Westminster, last week. Capt. Ogden's skill with jewels has earned him the nickname "the ace of diamonds": the bride is well known at the Brookland's Flying Club

Count Andrea de Robilant and Mlle. Alicia Alanova

The Kensington Register Office was chosen by Count Andrea de Robilant, who comes of a distinguished Italian family, and Mlle. Alicia Alanova for their wedding last week. She is the well-known solo dancer, and is half-Scottish, half-Russian

Weddings of the Week

Mr. Gerald Yorke and Miss Angela Duncan

Gerald Joseph Yorke is the elder son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Vincent Yorke, of Forthampton Court, Gloucester; Angela Vivien Duncan is the elder daughter of Major-Gen. Sir John and Lady Duncan, of 16, Bryanston Square, W.1. They were married last Wednesday at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square

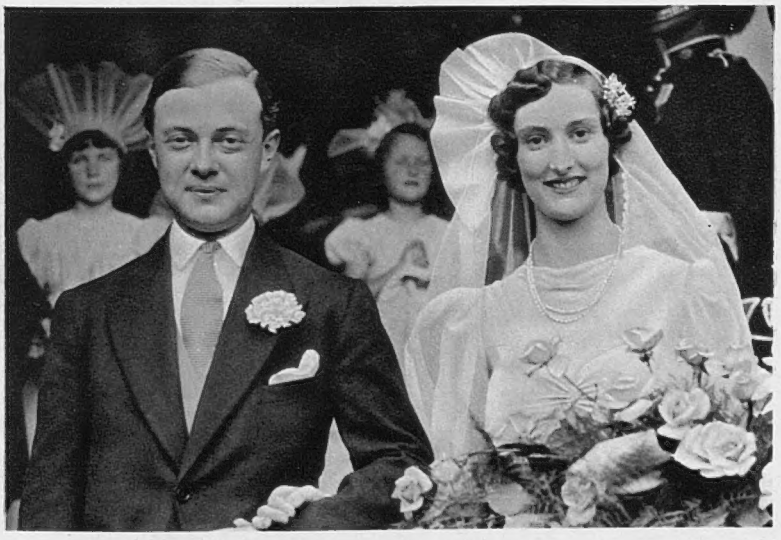
Mr. Richard Brooke and Lady Mabel Jocelyn

Richard Neville Brooke and Lady Mabel Jocelyn, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Roden, were married, also last Wednesday, at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the only son of Sir Richard and Lady Brooke, of Norton Priory, Cheshire, and Abberley, Worcs.

Mr. Hall and Miss Wheeler

Left: Roger Wilby Hall and Audrey Wheeler were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the only son of Arthur Wilby Hall, of 4, Heathview Gardens, S.W.15, and she is the only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Wheeler, of 4, Wyndham House, Sloane Street

Below: Robert Combe, Coldstream Guards, son of the late R. T. Combe and Mrs. Combe, and Shournagh Dorothy Colthurst, daughter of R. St. J. Colthurst, of Blarney Castle, Ireland, and Mrs. Colthurst, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Mr. Robert Combe and Miss Shournagh Colthurst

Mr. Vernon Harington and Miss Mary Egerton

Vernon Harington is the elder son of the late Judge Harington and Mrs. Edward Harington, of 66, Onslow Gardens, S.W.; Mary Elizabeth Egerton is the daughter of the late Louis Egerton and Mrs. Roland Wilberforce, of Southwick House, Southwick Street, W.2. Their wedding was at Holy Trinity, Brompton, last week

Dancing at the Dorchester—in Aid of the Vic-Wells Completion Fund

Lady Brownlow was dancing with Mr. John Maude, Mr. Cyril Maude's barrister son, at this extremely good end-of-the-season party at which Col. de Basil's company gave a special ballet programme

The Hon. David Herbert and Miss Theresa Jungman were two more guests at the Dorchester. The Vic-Wells Fund aims at £30,000 to make the two theatres finally self-supporting

Lady Rose Paget was in the same party as Lord Howland. She is learning ballet dancing and goes to Sadler's Wells in the autumn as a regular pupil

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

KING CAROL enjoyed, as all foreign monarchs do, his not-very-incognito visit to town last week, and he was encountered in many houses. Lady Oxford gave a charming luncheon for him in her Bedford Square house, which plays such a distinguished rôle in London life. Present were Lady Crewe, Lady Aberconway, Princess Antoine Bibesco and her pretty debutante daughter, Priscilla, Harold Nicholson and Sir Roderick Jones, head of Reuters, with his delightful wife, better known to most of us as Enid Bagnold, the author.

Scottish Young-Marrieds

The Hon. Francis and Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie were married in January; her brother, Lord Lyell gave a dance in their honour last week at Kinnordy House, his place in Angus. They live at Braham Castle, in Ross-shire

Racing Without Air

SANDOWN was incredibly stuffy and airless on Eclipse Saturday, and only in the paddock could one breathe at all. Charmingly made-up faces became extremely mottled, while many of the men must have thought wistfully of the spare collar idea.

Clothes varied considerably—from one or two "Ascot-ish" confections to a cool linen suit. There were many multi-coloured printed crêpe-de-Chines, with lines going round and round the figure, animals or flowers within the borders, anything, in fact, from a pansy to a racehorse.

The Duchess of Norfolk wore a neat dark-blue dress and coat, with touches of white; Lady Stavordale, a pink linen suit and turned-up white hat. Lady Sybell Lygon's yellow and dark blue ensemble, surmounted by a yellow straw coolie's hat, was effective.

The clothes we liked best were, as usual, Mrs. Kellett's: a short, loose grey coat over a dark-blue dress.

A Wedding Anniversary

MR. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding last week by a large dinner-party in Mrs. Somerset Maugham's charming flat in Chesham Place, which they borrowed for the evening.

Young Lady Tichborne, who was married at about the same time, was prevented by illness from being there, but others in the party included Lord and Lady Plunket, Merle Oberon (in delicate smoke-blue lace with ruby and diamond ornaments), Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Phipps, Miss Gilliat, Sir Anthony Weldon and Mr. Michael Crichton.

Ciro's and the "Four Hundred" were the inevitable end to such a good evening, which was also in the nature of a farewell-party for the young hostess, who has taken a house at Bognor for the next two months.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were at Ciro's that night, the Duchess wearing an emerald drop in the centre of her forehead, and looking quite lovely, as usual, in a purple dress with a red sash.

The fascinating Mme. Ralli and Lady Caroline Paget were two of the party who "coped" successfully with the eccentricities of Mr. David Herbert's dancing. (He must forgive us for saying this. It is only sour grapes on our part, and envy of his proficiency on the dance-floor!)

Goodbye Till September

WHEN Mrs. Allan Kyle gave a cocktail-party in honour of her son's engagement to Miss Rosemary Robertson, the whole of Montagu Square echoed with the laughter and gaiety of the numerous guests.

It was one of those stifling days when the drawing-room balcony was the most popular part of the room, and one searched for standing room in a draught if possible.

Lady Iris Mountbatten was one of the prettiest girls present; Miss Jaqueline Dwyer was another; Lady Curzon's out-size black glasses somehow suited her; and Miss Rosemary Cohen, who is going to Scotland, was saying goodbye till September.

Wise Girl!

TALKING of "goodbye," there were several farewell-luncheons in progress at Quaglino's one day last week.

Lady Stanley of Alderley, who sailed on the Queen Mary last Wednesday, was at one table. She is going to stay with Mrs. Julie Shipman at Newport, and in doing so is repeating what she explains was "the time of her life" last year.

The Fred Beckmans were at another table, and they also sailed last week. She is a sister of Mrs. Gilbert Miller; and this visit was a honeymoon trip.

Lady Tredegar was in their party, looking terribly well and sunburnt in a roomful of wan Londoners (she lives in the country, wise girl!), and Mrs. Grace Ansell, who we were so glad to see out again. She has been ill herself, and suffered a severe blow in the death of her brother, Mr. Arthur de Lissa, to whom she was devoted.

Regulated by Hot Pipes

No self-respecting country house is without a bathing-pool of sorts nowadays. Few out-of-door pools however, have hot pipes running underneath, and a heating arrangement that may be regulated: "cool for vigour, warm for the girls!"

Such a pool belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates at their country house near Guildford. It is a divine place, long, low, rambling, a veritable bower of honeysuckle, roses, old beams and perfect modern comfort.

Camilla Caroline Straight at Her Christening—

The small daughter of Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, and called Camilla Caroline. Lady Daphne Straight is the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham's elder daughter; her marriage took place in 1935

—And Frances Helen Sweeny at Hers

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny's daughter was christened Frances Helen at the Brompton Oratory, and has six godparents: Lady Dumfries, Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Jeanne Stourton, Lord Queensberry, Mr. Edward Wills, and her uncle, Mr. Robert Sweeny

Among their recent week-end guests were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, who were married last spring, and are house-hunting in London.

She was Lorraine Manville Gould, and quite the least spoilt and most charming heiress we know. In her extreme youth she studied ballet dancing seriously, and performed at the Opera House, New York.

Soldier into Gardener

A VISIT to Captain "Bobby" Jenkinson during the week-end was of special interest to Mrs. Dresselhuys, for several members of the Russian Ballet were spending the day at his cottage at Virginia Water, and a cocktail-party was in progress in the garden when we arrived.

Captain Jenkinson is an unusual person. He was in the Household Brigade, and gave up soldiering to become a professional gardener and designer of gardens with outstanding success.

The ballet is his hobby, and the Hungaria his favourite restaurant, because of the excellence of the band. Incidentally, he waltzes better than any Englishman we know.

Some Too-Popular Dago

WHAT is happening to so many successful hairdressing establishment in London?

There is an old adage, "bearded!" by now, that women will put up with anything in the cause of beauty; but are we really prepared to tolerate unpunctuality, quite unnecessary discomfort, interruptions, temperamental rudeness and utter indifference, just in order to have our hair done by some too-popular dago who is unbearably spoilt and does not know the meaning of the word "method."

When booking an appointment, one may impress on the "young lady" that one has a train to catch, and one doesn't care a hoot which assistant attends to one, but that he must begin on time.

She is most sympathetic and understanding (on the telephone), but once there, one is stripped of one's belongings and left flat.

One may grumble and implore, but except for a perpetual "Yes, Madam," from everyone, nothing happens, until the train is a lost hope, and just one more smart shop loses one more smart customer.

Over to Deauville

DEAUVILLE has had a bout of divine weather, and a plethora of peaches—edible. Some very decorative people of both sexes have been in and out on yachts and 'planes.

Enjoying tomato-juice at the Bar du Soleil were the fascinating "Foxey" Gwynne with the Ladies "Patsy" Ward and Ursula Manners, whose sister, Lady Isobel Guinness and her husband were on board the yacht they bought from Lord Michelham, who expects to have an even bigger and better boat next season. Meanwhile, he has got a new beach-wrap of floral towelling, the same as Cecil Latta's, and Mr. Berry Wall has got a new pigskin case for his race-glasses, and Michael Farmer has got a new twinkle in his eye.

Mme. van der Heyden, a Hauzeur, Lady Kemsley's nice sister, has got a new use for the "nègre de chez Cartier." She has turned hers into a bag clip. The Begum has got a new chef, or, rather, the Aga has, because it is the Aga who orders those succulent lunches.

An attractive young couple over in their own 'plane from the Household Brigade Flying Club were the Rupert Prestons. She was chaperoning pretty nineteen-year-old Elizabeth Graham-Clarke, whose brother is in Rupert Preston's regiment—the Coldstream. Elizabeth flew back to Gloucestershire to play Jane Seymour in one of those pageants counties enjoy so much.

Apology for Being Early

THE Marquis de Paris (sound the last "s"), was apologising for being in Deauville a fortnight before the Grande Saison. Actually the season is now getting so grand that anyone who hopes to find a room in August has to stake a claim by arriving in July. If you leave before Bank Holiday, you may never stage a come-back.

MISS PEEPS

Engaged

Miss Margaret Geddes, daughter of Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes, announced her engagement ten days ago to Prince Ludwig von Hessen und bei Rhein. He is the second son of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess von Hessen und bei Rhein, and a great-grandson of Queen Victoria; he is a Social Attaché at the German Embassy in London

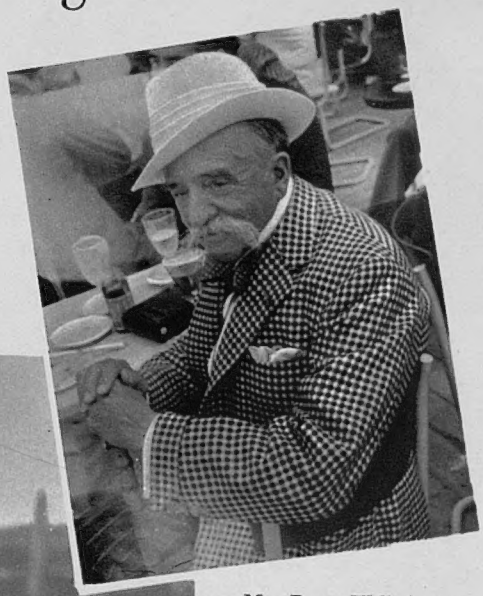
The Duke of Kent was Best Man

Left: Mr. John Arthur Lowther is Private Secretary to the Duke of Kent, who was his best man when he married Miss Priscilla Lambert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lambert, of Braelangwell Lodge, Ardgay, Ross-shire. Mr. Lowther is the son of the late Hon. Christopher Lowther, and Lady George Cholmondeley. The little page was Patrick Bryans

Beachcombing Begins

At Deauville It's Mixed With Racing and Golf

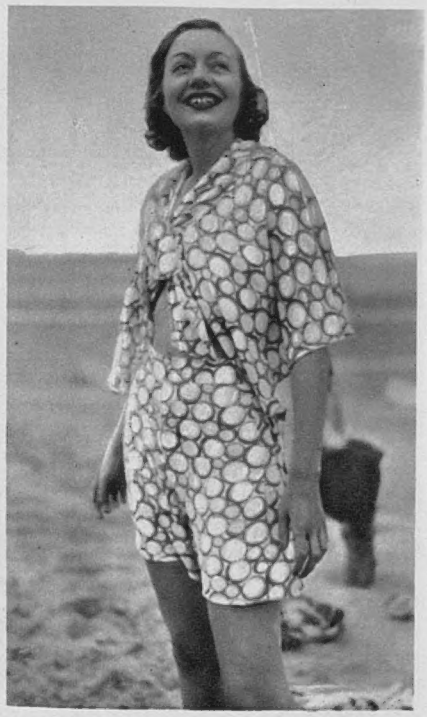
Left: M. and Mme. Joerggen Bagge and Mme. de Wichfeld were at Clairefontaine for the first of the racing. Mme. de Wichfeld is English, was Mrs. Monica Massey-Beresford; her husband, like M. Bagge, is Danish



Mr. Berry Wall is a celebrated resort figure, undaunted, though over eighty. He saw the Derby this year as a guest of the Jockey Club in the Iron Stand

Mrs. Harold Huth did a few days beachcombing at Deauville before going back to rejoin her film-director husband in Sussex

Left: Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne and Sir Anthony Weldon were co-guests on the Duke of Sutherland's yacht and co-sitters on a golf-course waste-paper basket — very uncomfortable



Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower went back to the Isle of Wight after her Deauville visit; she and her husband will be in the Island for Cowes Week

Mr. Michael Farmer, ex-husband of Gloria Swanson, was recuperating at Deauville from the strenuousness of the Exhibition season in Paris

American Show-Girls

Left: Estelle is half of the Estelle-and-Leroy dancing partnership; they were in London cabaret this summer. With her is Sherley Richards who also decorated the Deauville cabaret

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 30

Lady Louis Mountbatten

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN is one of the most inveterate travellers of this age. In the past ten years she has used up at least half-a-dozen passports and has visited almost every worth-while spot on the globe. Mention Bali to her, and she will say, "Yes, but what about Amboyna and the other Spice Islands?" If you speak of Peking she will tell you that she thinks it the most beautiful city in the world. Afghanistan knows her, and so does the Belgian Congo, the Persian Gulf, and any other exotic place you like to name. Not that she travels in luxury. Schooners, not cruising liners, suitcases, not trunks, are what she likes. Now that her husband, recently promoted Captain at the age of thirty-seven, has been transferred to a shore job in England, she will not have the opportunity of going off into the blue while he is on a cruise. Perhaps, though, she will think of turning her multitude of travel diaries into a book, or even two books. For she reads a lot and has kept exact details of all her travels. She is also an excellent linguist. Her French is so good that the Mayor of Cannes once congratulated Lord Louis Mountbatten on having married a daughter of La Belle France. Her German is first class, as befits the granddaughter of the late Sir Ernest Cassel.

SHE could have been a concert artist if marriage had not interrupted her studies under Harold Samuel. Now that she is back in London at her penthouse in Brook Street (the lift ascends 125 feet in 7 seconds, the fastest in Great Britain), she is taking up golf. Already she rides and swims and could be a strong ski-runner if she went to Switzerland again. Polo she knows backwards—as a spectator, of course. She is devoted to animals and has a nine-months' old lion cub which I am afraid she may fondle once too often. Of her two daughters of thirteen and eight, one was born at the Ritz in Barcelona. Her only sister has just gone to Ragusa.

HER beauty goes without saying, so does her clothes sense. But very few people know what a really charitable person she is. She once raised £12,000 by a single midnight show for the British Legion. She has just had another success with the Polo Ball for the Chelsea Boys' Club. But her real generosity lies in her unfailing interest, financial and personal, in the numberless charities which her grandfather supported. Lady Louis has an attractive voice, full of light and shadow; a horror of cold weather, and a great affection for Malta. She likes kippers and rum punch, though, of course, not both together. She is a fan of Garbo, but likes the theatre; looks her very best in pale greens and pale blues; is fond of aquamarines; is a very close friend of Lady Milford Haven and Lady Brecknock, the latter being more or less brought up with her; and continues to be more consistently important as a socialite than anyone bar Royalty itself. Her coming-out dance was the most magnificent of the year; so was her wedding. Her parties were always the most sought after before she went to Malta. They will be again, now that she is back.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

The matriarch of Niskavuori: Mary Morris

"Women of Property" (Queen's)

THE women of Niskavuori, a country estate which has grown in size from generation to generation, are an exceedingly queer lot. They have always been married for their money, with the perhaps natural consequence that they care a great deal more for the welfare of the estate than for the welfare of their husbands. Where the capital is, there also is the passion. So long as their husbands do not run away they are willing to let them philander with the village dairymaids and when that dreary amusement fails them to take to drink. It is understood that dairymaids who have children must look after them as best they can and make no impudent claims upon the masters of Niskavuori. The great thing is that there shall always be legitimate sons to carry on the estate. A queer lot undoubtedly, but these landowners of Tavastland have peasant blood in them, and the stage peasant, as we know by long experience, is capable de tout. Accept these outlandish conditions as real, and there is promise of excellent drama in this adaptation by Frank Davison from the Finnish of Hella Wuolijoki; for the new village schoolmistress turns out to be a modern Hilda Wangel, with youth, with beauty, and with ideas about the "joy of life" as highly civilised as her frocks. And the master of Niskavuori, though encumbered with an unloved, foolish wife and a grimly traditional mother, has the Celtic fervour and the good looks of so good an actor as Griffith Jones. They are bound to fall for each other, and what will happen then?

WHAT happens could hardly begin better. The tempestuous wooing is helped by music and the contrasted humours of a drinking party, and there follows a scene of authentic beauty in which Ilona's gladness that she is to bear Arne a child turns a philanderer into a true lover and threatens to bring about a complete revolution of all his values. But the play at this point appears to change its true shape. The conflict tends to pass by the man who has to make the decision. It becomes very largely the affair of the three women. The matriarch, wearing the black clothes and carrying the ebony stick of her office, grimly argues that her son must not for the sake of his inheritance flinch from the prospect of becoming a drunken philanderer in the grand tradition of his sires. The wheedling wife foolishly precipitates scandal and then tries to coax the embarrassed husband into a show of affection for her. The schoolmistress, having said her say in her admirable bedroom scene with Arne lets her winged words do their work in his mind and adds very little to them. Both she and he are in danger of drifting into the background of a play which is supposed to be all about them, and Arne's long-awaited decision is not made until he is suddenly stung to action by the silliness of a formal inquiry into the misconduct of the schoolmistress. It is one of those plays in which the years keep slipping. While they hold, the running is smooth, but it never gathers the momentum which the early scenes lead us to expect. This is not the fault of the cast, which Nancy Hornsby, Mary Morris, and Griffith Jones lead with distinction.

"St. Moritz" (Coliseum)

EVIDENTLY the ice was made for the kind of spectacle which the chorus of a musical comedy is expected to produce. There is nothing lovelier on the light musical stage to-day than the exquisitely lit movements of the Coliseum chorus on skates, as they glide hither and thither over an expanse of ice against a background representing the mountains about St. Moritz. There are scores of them, but on the first night one did not observe a single slip or false step. They are led by expert skaters who have collected championships all over Europe—by the accomplished Pamela Prior, the effortlessly graceful Erich Erdos, and by the marvellously skilful Herman Steinschaden, who is perfectly at ease skating on stilts. A hearty, yodelling act of music-hall turns between the two acts of silent skating was deemed a necessary insurance against the risk of monotony. It seemed to me all wrong, but beauty and the box-office are known to be incompatible, and the insurance was probably sound. A.V.C.

Last appeal to a loose Finn: Dorice Fordred and Griffith Jones

Sophisticated schoolmarm and local pastor: Nancy Hornsby and Harry Hutchinson

John Loder plays Henry Curtis and Anna Lee plays Kathy O'Brien in the film of the famous Rider Haggard story. John Loder grows a beard, too, during his adventures

Rebirth of a Classic

And a Beard for Cedric Hardwicke in the Film of "King Solomon's Mines"

Paul Robeson as Umbopa

The star of the film is Paul Robeson who has a perfect part and looks a tremendous figure of a man as Umbopa

Crisis in the Kraal: Roland Young, John Loder, Cedric Hardwicke

Cedric Hardwicke's beard gives him an air of Victorian and slightly martyred nobility in the film "stills"; in the picture itself he is no less a man than Allan Quatermain. Roland Young's irrepressible twinkle and endearing absurdity are enlisted in the cause of Commander Good

That classic of the junior bookshelves, *King Solomon's Mines*, has been filmed by Gaumont - British with Robert Stephenson, one of the best young English directors, in charge. It went to the Gaumont a few days ago, and will come in nicely for the children's summer holidays

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A

National Custodians

No. 7. Mr. James Mann, Keeper of the Wallace Collection

James Gow Mann has always been an antiquary. As a boy he commenced the study of arms and armour, and that has been his work, hobby and sport ever since. Even while he was on the Italian front in the Gunners he spent his leaves visiting cities where his interest could be indulged best. He had joined up straight from Winchester and was one of the generation that had the war's liberal education between school and university. From New College he went to the Ashmolean Museum as assistant keeper in the fine-art department, then to the Wallace Collection as assistant to the keeper, whose place he took last year after an interval at the Courtauld Institute. He is now an international authority on arms and armour, and has probably the finest private library on the subject in the kingdom. The outstanding of his publications is the first inventory and description of the armoury at Churburg Castle, a unique collection which has remained intact in the Trapp family since the fourteenth century. Count Oswald Trapp collaborated in publication. Mr. Mann married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. A. G. Cooke in 1926; he is not yet forty

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A VERY attractive new cultus seems likely to arise when the present series of statuettes of Empire-Builders at the Imperial Institute is completed—"in response to genuine public needs," explains the Director. Dainty replicas of these images will doubtless be available to the populace before long, and as every Roman home had its statuettes of the Lares and Penates set up in a place of honour, so every British home will have its tiny bronze figure of Clive or Cecil Rhodes or Captain Cook or Barney Barnato, or whatever Empire-Builder claims the family's chief devotion. No doubt tiny votive lamps will be supplied in due course to burn before them, and on their birthdays the children will bring flowers, chanting some hymn by Kipling.

Evidences of this cultus have, of course, been known to scholars for some time. Fifty years ago thousands of respectable British homes were deemed unfurnished without a large picture of Mr. Gladstone over the sacred hearth, whiskers, collar, and all, and a friend who has been looking for a cottage to convert in Sussex reports that in three out of a dozen possibles he found a little bronze bust of Disraeli set up in a prominent place. It reminded him in a way, he said, of rural Italy. In one case the agent for the cottage didn't seem to know whose bust it was; thought it might be one of Wellington or Charles Wesley or somebody. "Or Charles Peace?" suggested our friend helpfully. The agent wagged his big, thoughtful head dubiously and said it was no good asking *him*, he never took much interest in politics, except local ones. For this reason it might be just as well to label each Empire-Builder's bust with his name in clear, unmistakable lettering, and in the case of Clive, perhaps, with the date of his suicide and the reasons therefor.

Idioms. No. 5

"Ils ne s'entendent pas du tout!"
"They don't hit it off!"

Hail and Farewell

AFTER ninety-five years of providing the British middle and upper-middle classes with suitable literature, chiefly fiction, Mudie's has gone under, swamped by cheaper rivals, by the boom in cheap reprints, and finally by those twopenny lending libraries which help forward Culture by broadcasting the very latest rubbish among that 90 per cent. of the populace mentally under the age of fourteen. Galsworthy should have worked Mudie's as a kind of leit-motiv into the Forsyte Saga. It was a superbly Forsyte institution, solid as roast beef. Saturday after Saturday Forsytes living in the country industriously ticked-off on their book-lists books recommended by the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, and therefore trustworthy. Monday after Monday (or it may have been the other way round) the book-box arrived from Mudie's with the week's reading, censored until 1890—the year of his death—by old Mr. C. E. Mudie in person. Forsytes living in Town would select their book in person at the New Oxford Street headquarters of Mudie's, that celebrated London landmark which vanished only three years ago. Strolling in ourselves, we 've identified at one time or another every character Galsworthy drew, accompanied by even the same dogs. It was about the only place in London where you could still find mutton-chop whiskers, lorgnettes, tall hats from late-Victorian blocks, feathered and flowered toques like museum-pieces, and that atmosphere of unhurried, fastidious leisure which has quite gone. In 1925 we saw an eerie sight: Soames Forsyte himself to the life looking down his nose at a copy of *The Man of Property*, as one looking disdainfully into a mirror. He didn't seem to recognise himself, and passed superciliously on.

"I told you it wasn't the first to the left"

Apart from the fact that Mudie's failure has thrown 350 people out of work, it is something of a minor social tragedy. Ever since 1842, Mudie's had helped greatly to instil into the British middle-class mind those few ideas it possesses. Mr. Mudie saw to it that his customers never read anything likely to shock them; in one way a good thing, if you cared at all for decency and fundamentals, in another a bad thing, since they were probably equally debarred from enlarging their experience in ways that matter. Mudie's was possibly the last concrete vestige of the society the war swept away, and a lot of fine things undoubtedly perished with that curious world, including its manners. Removing his boots and hurling them jovially at an egg-face in the front row, the speaker then left the platform.

Dumb Friends' Corner

IT may be that Life is gradually driving us nuts and we see dogs everywhere, but for the past few days the papers seem to have been crammed to bursting with photographs of dogs. One was a huge pampered Samoyede lying on its back, being powdered and perfumed

and groomed for a Richmond dog-show. Another was a French bulldog licking the face of the child of a third cousin of a totally obscure politician of great wealth. A third was an aged and yearning spaniel belonging to a doctor who had just received twelve months imprisonment at Old Bailey for practising abortion. A fourth was a large collie making eyes at a Hollywood film-actress. A fifth was a Pekingese attached by a lead to a wealthy woman in the Park, for no reason whatsoever, and a sixth was an Irish wolfhound pretending to like being fondled by a Peer's niece by marriage, and a seventh was a Borzoi staring vacantly at nothing in particular and bored to death, and an eighth—oh, never mind. We needn't go on. The whole situation is ridiculous.

We asked an authority on Fleet Street what the reason for this sudden mania was. He pointed out that the two or three leading two - million - circulation papers have recently increased their circulation by another quarter of a million. "Most of these new readers," he said, "are either women or illiterates, or both. Hence they must be regaled and captivated with more and more pictures of our dumb friends, which never fail to enthral, and need little or no explanation. Recollect," he added, "that Landseer built up reputation and fortune alike by giving the populace all the dogs it wanted, big and small. Dumb friends stuff. Dogs and actresses. You can't go wrong."

Ritzy

"MIAMI," remarked a Miss Carolyn Good, owner of the Good Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla., in a London paper the other day, "is all right for ordinary people like lawyers, doctors, and business people, but Miami *Beach* is different. Most of our residents are millionaires. We have only the *best* at Miami Beach." She added that to bathe at Miami Beach you have to belong to a club at £80 a year, though casual visitors, properly introduced, may bathe at 7s. 6d. a time. Coloured persons and dogs are barred, like ordinary people.

So that Miami Beach, as you see, is far more exclusive than Deauville, Hove, Cannes, Paris-Plage, Biarritz, St. Jean-de-Luz, or even Frinton, where lawyers, doctors, and ordinary people can bathe unchecked. We 've bathed at all of 'em, cheek by jowl—si nous osons nous exprimer ainsi—with the very cream of international society, and except that the sea naturally has a different bouquet from the sea at, say, Brighton, Southend, Dieppe, or Atlantic City, it was just like bathing anywhere else. At Miami Beach the waves probably enfold millionaire bodies in a loving, reverent embrace, and would drown ordinary citizens at sight. Miss Good ought to bottle some of the water for export. The way things are going nowadays, there are a lot of smart people about who 'd like their offspring christened in it, and quite possibly it 's got other virtues as well. We bet if somebody opened a shop in Bond Street for the sale of certified Miami Beach Water at five guineas a flask, it would make money.

Apropos, the existence of a Life Guard at Miami Beach must be pretty exciting. Plunging in to save some millionaire attempting suicide, the brawny, sunburnt fellow never knows if he 's going to get five hundred dollars for saving that precious life, or if he 's going to be bumped-off the same night by the rescued one's infuriated friends.

Celtic Twilight Dept.

HAVING exhibited specimens of black currants of his own growing (including the Baldwin variety) at the show of the Kent Branch of the National Farmers' Union, Farmer Lloyd George dashed away to Caernarvon, where, as Constable of the Castle, he had to surrender the keys to the King on his visit there. It struck us that it mightn't have been a bad or unpicturesque idea to combine these activities, the Constable, having surrendered the keys, leaning over the walls of the great mediæval Castle and displaying his black currants to the cheering populace, as Edward I. (or whoever it was) was said to have done with the first infant Prince of Wales ; a story without any foundation whatsoever, say modern historians.

The Welch, a people we love dearly and are very sorry for, treat their history in a very odd and girlish manner. They make an annual fuss over St. David, for example, but they assume that he was a teetotal Nonconformist. They have a very elaborate ritual to open their National Eisteddfod, scores of pastors named Jones dressed as Druids in green nightgowns trapesing about and taking part in some solemn kind of versicle and response involving the sheathing of the Sword of something or other. The whole business, including costume, is entirely bogus, and resembles an actual Druidical rite about as much as a Sunday-school tea resembles a Voodoo ceremony in the African bush. If they sacrificed a Mrs. Davies in a wicker cage, cutting her with great curved knives, there might be some verisimilitude. No blood whatsoever is shed, and the costumes are by Von Herkomer. The other Celtic nations wisely bar this kind of charade—can you see the Irish or the Bretons doing it ? We wouldn't include the Cornish, on second thoughts. They 're pretty fierce and secret, and for all we know they may paint themselves blue and offer human sacrifice at some annual gathering on one of their sinister moors, where the dead mines are.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Whatcha mean—'der police may suspect heem' ?"

Six Engagements

Yevonde

Miss Anne Campbell

Anne Elspeth Campbell is the only daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. W. M. Campbell, M.V.O., The Black Watch, and Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth. She has announced her engagement to Prince Alexander von Croy-Dulmen, younger son of Prince and Princess Alexander von Croy-Dulmen, formerly A.D.C. and secretary to Prince Starhemberg. Anne Campbell came out last year

Below: Caecilia Frances Patricia Pharazyn, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Pharazyn, of Dannevirke, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, is engaged to Geoffrey Cavendish, younger son of the late T. Cavendish and Mrs. Cavendish, of Crakemarsh Hall, Uttoxeter

Hay Wrightson

Miss Caecilia Pharazyn

Bertram Park

Miss Elspeth Craik-Henderson

Left: Elspeth Craik-Henderson, who was presented at the Holyroodhouse Court, is engaged to Douglas Riley-Smith, son of Mr. William Riley-Smith, of Tadcaster. He was captain of last year's Cambridge polo team. She is the daughter of Professor John James Craik-Henderson, of Downahill, Glasgow

Below: Margot Hambling, elder daughter of Sir Guy Hambling, Bart., and Lady Hambling, of Yoxford, Suffolk, is engaged to Maurice Hare, Major-General Sir Steuart and Lady Hare's youngest son

Lenare

Miss Margot Hambling

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Patricia Mackay

Is the Earl of Inchcape's only daughter by his first marriage to the late Lord Justice Moriarty's daughter; she announced her engagement on July 14th to Hugh Washington Hibbert, The Queen's Bays, only son of Major and Mrs. Washington Hibbert, of Dene House, Kineton, Warwickshire

Right: Mrs. Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth has announced her engagement to Hector Macleod, younger son of the late Captain Macleod, of Cadboll, and Mrs. Macleod. She is the elder daughter of the late Capt. Duncan Macpherson, R.N., and the late Mrs. Macpherson, and lives at 6, Britten House, Chelsea

Lenare

Mrs. Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth

Films of the Day

Poor Parnell : By George Campbell

In all the discussions about the exact size and shape of Charles Stewart Parnell's beard, and just how sincere Kitty O'Shea was, and how many men the O'Gorman Mahon slew in single combat, one question seems in danger of being overlooked. Just how good is *Parnell* as entertainment? And the answer is, not very.

For my part, I have had the most dismal forebodings ever since I started receiving Hollywood publicity matter alluding to Charles Stewart as "the wild Irish playboy." I still expect to hear of Kitty O'Shea carrying the torch for him, and Willie O'Shea selling out to the English, and the O'Gorman Mahon, with thirteen (or was it twenty-three?) notches on his guns, layin' for Charlie, God bless him, to please that dirty crook Gladstone, boss of the English gang—the dirty, double-crossin' so-and-so.

It is only fair to say that my worst expectations have not been realised—at least, not so far as script and direction are concerned. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have tried to see fair play. Gladstone, played by Montagu Love with a masterly make-up, is represented as wily, but no more of a scoundrel than (say) Al Capone; when you do see a tenant evicted with his starving wife and children, it is done by the orders of an Irish landlord, and not by a black-hearted Englishman; and anxious as film people always are to conciliate the Irish-American public, there has been no attempt to disguise the fact that if Parnell was ultimately sold down the river, it was his own followers who sold him—for a price that was never paid.

There are scenes, too, that could hardly be bettered. The trial, which ends in the exposure of Pigott as forger of the sensational letters that appeared in *The Times*, linking Parnell with the Phœnix Park murders, is given real urgency and drama by George Zucco's fine performance as Charles Russell; and the meetings of the Irish party have genuine fire and passion. I particularly liked the right swing with which Parnell knocked out one of them for a slighting remark about the lady, a few minutes before his collapse, and the other topical bit where he declares that he has given his life to his people but will not give up the woman he loves.

With all these conscientious attempts to remind you that you are watching history, *Parnell* remains obstinately a work of fiction. Willie O'Shea is the stage villain, the House of Commons remains one of the most life-like sets ever built in Hollywood, Clark Gable is a *Saturday Evening Post* star salesman, and Myrna Loy the snappy girl friend (refined, too) who comforts him during sales conventions and hears of the wife's refusal to divorce him with an up-thrust of the chin, a fluttering of the eyelids, and a brave, "Well, that's the way life is. . . ." Do you wonder Parnell looks at her with his soul in his eyes and an almost inaudible "Gee, kid, you're swell!" Or words to that effect.

"Parnell" is a classic proof of the evils of the star system. Here was an excellent play, with the two leading parts beautifully interpreted by Wyndham Goldie and Margaret Rawlings. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought it, during the Broadway run, for Joan Crawford, at the same time offering Miss Rawlings a contract to play in other parts if and when something suitable turned up. When she suggested Mrs. O'Shea as a suitable part to begin with, M.G.M. had to fence. Miss Crawford was under contract, and getting a lot of money every week. Something had to be found for her. Miss Rawlings could wait, as Anna Sten waited two years for "grooming"—the only difference being that Anna Sten couldn't speak any English except "I lof you" when she went to Hollywood, whereas Miss Rawlings, before grooming, could already speak and act a lot better than Miss Crawford. In the end, of course, the rôle was given to Myrna Loy as more suitable—which suggests an interesting train of thought about Miss Crawford—and Miss Rawlings is still with us; so it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

The other new pictures are pretty trivial. *On the Avenue* exploits the melodies of Irving Berlin, the crooning of Dick Powell, and Alice Fayre, and the classic profile of Madeleine Carroll.

The Lilac Domino is Max Schach's attempt to recapture the magic of the Ruritanian musical comedy, circa 1918. June Knight looks attractive and dances gracefully, and Michael Bartlett's perpetual knowing grin has apparently no injurious effect on the voice.

Joe E. Brown, a great favourite in what America calls "the Sticks" ("the country," if I must explain), returns to the screen in *When's Your Birthday?*, all about an astrologer who finds that no matter which sign of the Zodiac is in the ascendant, his fiancée is always a Crab and he is always the Goat.

And (to end on a more agreeable note) Akim Tamiroff scores one more hit, in *The Great Gambini*, as a magician who solves a murder mystery. By way of novelty, the director stops the picture for a minute in the middle and invites you to solve it for yourself. Thanks to close concentration, the use of what M. Poirot calls the "little grey cells," and a tip from the press agent as I went in, I picked the murderer first pop. But we can't all be critics.

"Parnell" Filmed — Dinner-Party at the O'Sheas

Here are hero Parnell and heroine Kitty O'Shea as Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, the O'Gorman Mahon (Berton Churchill), Aunt Ben (Edna May Oliver), Willie O'Shea (Alan Marshall), and Clara (Billie Burke). No one has much liked M.G.M.'s screen translation of the play in which Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie were so successful, and its Empire run only lasted a week

Baron

Flora Robson — Full of Plans

When *Satyr* came off, in which Miss Robson played the mother of the maniac, there was talk of its going to America, where theatrical digestion is stronger. But in the meanwhile, she has lots of plans. This year has seen her in the Korda-Pommer productions, *Fire Over England* and *Farewell Again*, and we were all disappointed when *I, Claudius* was still-born, in which she had completed her part as Livia. London Films have loaned her on contract to Mayflower productions ("I hope the name is prophetic")—Charles Laughton's and Erich Pommer's new company. With them she is to make Daphne du Maurier's *Jamaica Inn*. Then on the stage her next part will be in Basil Dean's production of Margaret Kennedy's *Autumn*, which will open "warm" (after a provincial try-out) here in October. And in private life, she has her time taken up by the wild garden of her Hampstead house, where she moved from Mecklenburgh Square before Christmas

Pamela Booth

John Barbirolli — Successful Successor to Toscanini

If the English musical world had been told a year or two ago that it contained a young conductor who could succeed to a job Toscanini had held for ten years, and succeed with success, would they have believed it? And would they have guessed John Barbirolli to be the man? Hardly. However, Mr. Barbirolli was appointed conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra last year on Toscanini's recommendation, he did make a great success of his first season with them, and he has been reappointed for three years more. A notable achievement for a man of thirty-seven who had received no great recognition at home, although he had conducted the London Symphony, Leeds Symphony, B.B.C., and Hallé orchestras from time to time, also at Covent Garden, and, most recently, the Scottish Orchestra. Nor was he received with any great acclaim when he came back to this country for the spring and summer. He conducted "Turandot" at Covent Garden, and the Kreisler Concert at the Albert Hall, otherwise he has spent his time mostly in Scotland. Barbirolli is a Londoner, half-Italian, half-French; his father was a conductor, and he himself began his career as a 'cellist

Art and Speed

Prince Birabongse of Siam and His Dual Achievements

Prince Birabongse, the Sculptor

Above, Prince Bira is restoring the colour to his "Sea-lion Swallowing Fish," below he is at work on "Oppression of Fate," a figure taken from the ballet "Les Présages." He came over to Eton at the age of twelve and has not been back to Siam since; in this country he is under the guardianship of his thirty-year-old cousin, Prince Chula Chakrabongse, cousin of King Ananda Mihadol of Siam and his representative at the Coronation. Prince Bira has twice exhibited sculpture at the Royal Academy and is a pupil of Charles Wheeler

Baron

Prince Birabongse Bhamnbandi of Siam

Mr. B. Bira, the Racing Motorist

Prince Birabongse races under the name of Mr. B. Bira, and his almost uncanny skill at the wheel has won him a growing number of trophies, including the R.A.C. International in the Isle of Man and the London Grand Prix at the Crystal Palace (which he is seen taking from Mr. Charles Follett). Much of his success is due to the excellent organisation of his pit, which is under the supervision of his cousin Prince Chula

The Duchess of Richmond and Gordon

Goodwood
Its

The Duke and Duchess of
"Host" and "Hostess"

Running Goodwood, the eighteen-thousand-acre property in Sussex which includes the famous race-course, is a serious job, but for the Duke of Richmond is by no means a whole-time one, since he has his own car business in London, and large estates in Scotland to administer as well. The four-day Goodwood meeting, which in its setting of downs and beechwood is the most beautiful of all English race meetings (and one of the most comfortable and best run), takes place this week. But this year the King and Queen are not attending, as they are paying their visit to Belfast, so the party at Goodwood House will not be a Royal one, as it has so often been in the past. This relieves the Duchess of Richmond of a tremendous responsibility, as the organisation of the huge

Photographs by

House and Owners

Richmond and Gordon, of This Week's Racing

house, its staff and the commissariat for those four days is no joke, especially as she and her husband ordinarily live very simply. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond were married ten years ago, and have two sons; the elder, Lord March, is nearly eight and the younger is six. The Duchess was Elizabeth Hudson, daughter of the late Rev. T. W. Hudson, a former Vicar of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire. The Duke succeeded his father in 1935, seven years after the death of his grandfather. He is thirty-three, was at Eton, read agriculture at Oxford, and then went straight into the car business, going through the shops, service and sales department before he left to found his own firm. He carried the Sceptre with the Dove at the Coronation, with his nephew, Charles Vyner, as his page

Stanley M. Ballance

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon

Riabouchinska in Her Columbine Dress by Sert

Riabouchinska dances the "Cimarosiana" pas de deux with Lichine with all her own lightness and sparkle. This gives her one of the two new parts in which she is seen this summer: the other is in Lichine's new ballet, "Francesca da Rimini," where her Angelic Apparition is tender and charming

Tatiana Riabouchinska

"Cimarosiana"

A Diaghileff Ballet Revived at Covent Garden

This seventeen-year-old suite of dances by Massine, which were originally part of Diaghileff's production of the Cimarosa opera, *L'Astuzzie Feminili*, was revived on the first night of the present de Basil season at Covent Garden. It has been an extremely popular revival, with its gay tuneful music; its choregraphy that is full of vitality and invention, and that gives the various couples, trios, quartets, and finally the company a good showground; and its rich setting and dresses by José Maria Sert. The company end the first part of their London season on Saturday, and return, after a holiday, to Covent Garden in September

Photographs by Anthony

Pas de Trois by Alexandra Danilova, Roman Jasinsky and Paul Petroff

The pas de trois in which Danilova is supported by Petroff and Jasinsky is one of the most delightful things in "Cimarosiana," and is made more so by Danilova's grace, wit and perfect sense of style. The Grecian dresses in red and white and black are particularly attractive

Although this makes the house look vast there are actually only three bedrooms, and three reception, plus the usual offices, as the house-agents say

Number

Mr. and Mrs.

On the left is the staircase and landing with their metal and glass bannisters

On the right is a view of the garden and terrace from the drawing room, with Constance Cummings as a foreground

Playwright Benn Levy and his American-born actress wife Constance Cummings settled in Chelsea last autumn. Their modern house, long and low, was designed by the German architect Walter Gropius—he is now Professor of Architecture in the Graduate School at Harvard. It incorporates all the features of modern buildings without losing the atmosphere of home that too much glass and steel can kill. The garden, which is Mrs. Levy's province, is pleasantly treed and shrubbed, and there is a flagged terrace running the length of the house. The owners' plans for the future include a visit to New York this autumn, where they are taking part in the Theatre Guild's presentation of *Madame Bovary*, which may come to England later

Photographs by Hutton, London

This is Mr. Levy's study. On the desk can be seen a few of his large and varied selection of pipes which he leaves not only all over his own house but all over his friends', too. The photograph of Mrs. Levy on the mantelpiece is by Bucovitch, the prints on the walls are Rowlandsons. In the armchairs are the householders themselves

Sixty-Six, Church Street

...em Levy at Home in Chelsea

Whatever pleasant weather London is ready to supply, the Levys' house is ready to trap it for its occupants, with its flat roof (with Virginia creeper), large window area, balcony and terrace

They'll Be Married Quite Soon

Engaged

The Earl of Jersey and Miss Virginia Cherrill

Sasha

Miss Virginia Cherrill

In the Cocktail and Games Room at Lord Jersey's House

Lord Jersey and Miss Virginia Cherrill announced their engagement last week—headline and poster news which kept the photographers busy calling round at his house in Farm Street. That 's where the two snapshots of them were taken : the one on the left is the room he has had fitted out for games and cocktails, its walls decorated with enlarged photographs of bull-fighting. Virginia Cherrill is twenty-nine, comes from Chicago, made her film name as the blind girl in Charles Chaplin's *City Lights*, married Cary Grant in England in 1934, was granted a divorce in 1935, has lived over here for a year or two, and has made herself very popular in London. Lord Jersey is twenty-six, works hard at his bank job, owns over 19,000 acres in Middlesex (Osterley Park), Oxfordshire, and Glamorganshire, has one daughter by his first wife; she was Patricia Richards, of New South Wales, and has just divorced him

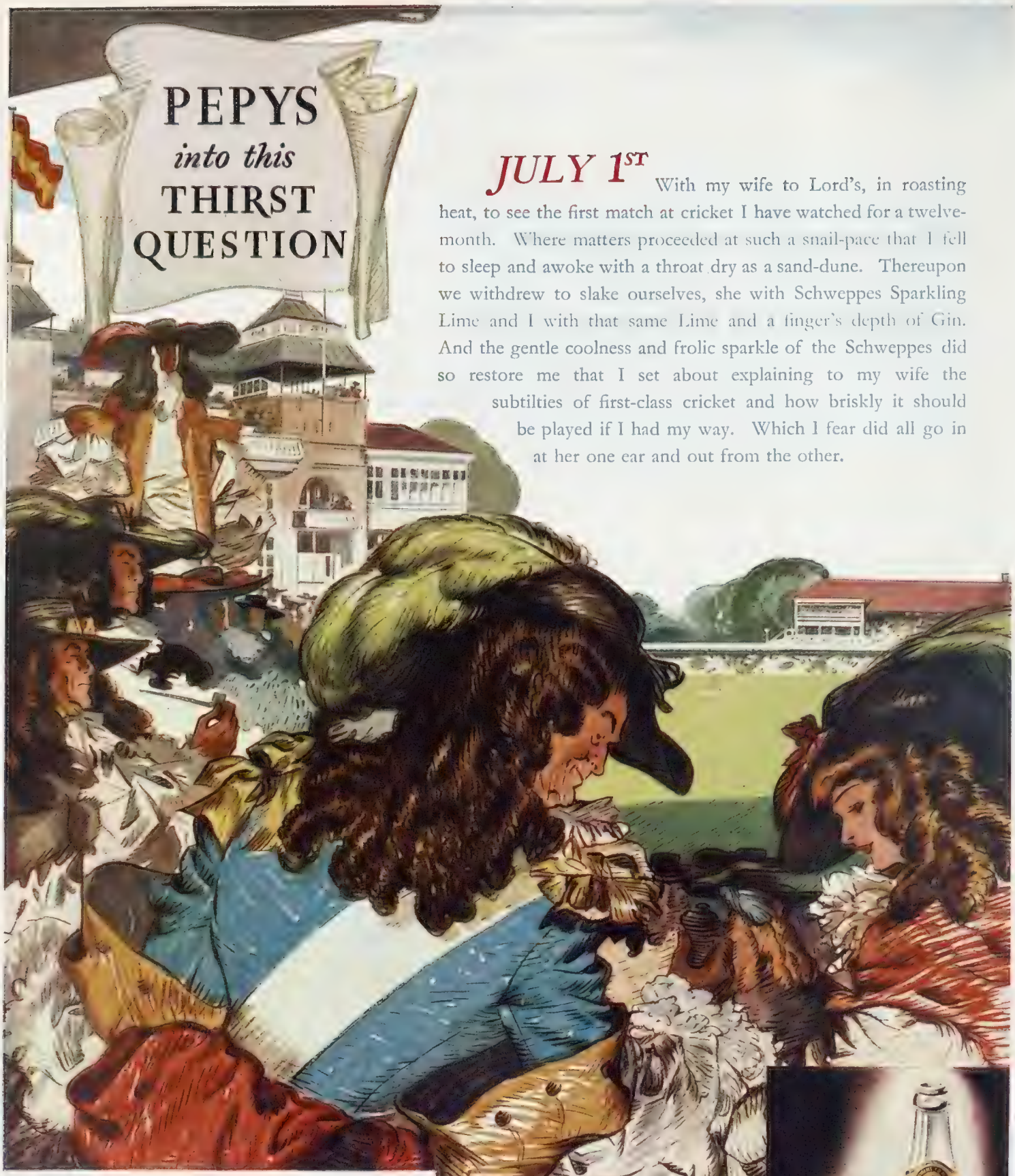
Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Tichborne—an Attractive Young-Married

Lady Tichborne and her husband were married a year ago this month. She was Antonia Snagge, and is the daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge; her twin sister, Zalia, married Esmond Baring, also last year. She and her husband, who, incidentally, are both nicknamed "Tony," have a flat in London but go, most week-ends, to his lovely place in Hampshire, Tichborne Park, at Alresford. Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, who is twenty-three, a year older than his wife, succeeded in 1930, is the fourteenth Baronet, and great-grandson of the Tichborne who fought the famous case some seventy years ago. His family have lived in Hampshire since before the Conquest, owning land on the Itchen, whence, via De Itchenborne, they take their name

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

JULY 1ST With my wife to Lord's, in roasting heat, to see the first match at cricket I have watched for a twelve-month. Where matters proceeded at such a snail-pace that I fell to sleep and awoke with a throat dry as a sand-dune. Thereupon we withdrew to slake ourselves, she with Schweppes Sparkling Lime and I with that same Lime and a finger's depth of Gin. And the gentle coolness and frolic sparkle of the Schweppes did so restore me that I set about explaining to my wife the subtilties of first-class cricket and how briskly it should be played if I had my way. Which I fear did all go in at her one ear and out from the other.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

"Bystander" Short Story No. 97

Riding for a Fall

By H. F. Temple

Illustrated by Lowen

At my suggestion, the landlord of the Running Horse drew himself a pint. He nodded approvingly at the sound of hooves.

"I suppose a good many people from the riding-school drop in here?" I said.

"They do, sir. Thirsty work, hacking. That's why I took over the Horse when I got a chance. I knew the lay of the land, because I was groom to Captain Rawlings when he first set up that riding-school with three horses of the quiet type, and a Miss Carson, who was a nice young lady, though humorous by nature."

"What had she got to do with it?"

"She kept the accounts for the Captain, and tried to keep the peace, which was more difficult. The Captain being six foot in his socks, and only retired from the cavalry owing to his father losing money, nearly all the pupils were females. It made things awkward, because if he was stand-offish with the young ladies it was bad for business, and if he wasn't, it was bad for them."

I suggested that modern young women were capable of looking after themselves.

"Too capable, sir. The Captain was on the susceptible side. However, with the best will in the world he couldn't have married all of them, so in the end he and me thought out a scheme calculated to prevent the young ladies getting wrong ideas in their heads."

"It must have taken some thinking out."

"It was simplicity itself, sir. You see, all young ladies use similar tactics when about to behave foolish, and we could always tell when one of them made up her mind to enter for the matrimonial stakes, as you might say. It 'd usually be about the fifth or sixth lesson, and choosing a quiet part of the common, she 'd throw herself from the horse and lie on the ground making out she was unconscious. The Captain, being kind-hearted, would try to bring her round, and sooner or later she 'd open her eyes and gaze into his, and clutch him by the hand."

"And after that?"

"After that, if allowed to have her head, the young lady would hardly ever go out without throwing herself off the horse. That was where the scheme came in. As soon as a young lady had thrown herself off the horse and lain unconscious, the next time she came for a lesson the Captain would pretend he had sprained his ankle. I 'd give the young lady her lesson, and when, as always happened, she drew the conversation round to the Captain, very tactful I 'd say that he was a married man. After that, some of them would finish the course of lessons they had paid for in advance, and some of them couldn't even bear to do that."

"And it always worked?"

"It did, sir. Yet, for all that, the Captain 's a married man now, same as myself. There was a young lady of the name of Miss Georgina Milford, whose parents were in the hotel trade and well-off. Very nice-looking she was, with chestnut hair, and great brown, soft-looking eyes. She came down casual one day to look on at a friend of hers who was having lessons; but no sooner had the Captain ridden off with the friend, than she turns to me.

"'The horse is a noble animal,' she says. 'I must have some lessons myself.'

"'Very good, miss,' I says, and takes her into the office, where Miss Carson fixes her up with twelve lessons, cash in advance, as usual.

"'You 'll be wanting to ride with your friend,' says Miss Carson, being, as I said, of a humorous turn.

"'No, I shan't,' says Miss Milford, very firm. 'I shall want to have my lessons alone, because I shall be but a beginner.'

"So it was arranged that she should come on her own at half-past-ten the following Friday, that giving her time to buy her outfit.

"A nice outfit it was, and fitted beautifully, and she greeted me very pleasantly when Friday came, and I brought out Hop. At that time we only had three horses, and Miss Carson had named them Hop, Skip and Jump. They were all three remarkably quiet, but Hop was the quietest. For all that, Miss Milford dodged careful behind the manure cart.

"'Have no fear, miss,' I says. 'A child could ride Hop.'

"'Very likely,' says Miss Milford, 'but I 'm not a child.'

"With a few well-chosen, soothing words, I got her to come out from behind the manure cart. Hop stood quiet as any lamb, and once she was on his back, she felt better.

"'Hop matches my hair,' she said, smiling at me.

"So he did, and Miss Milford looked as pretty as a picture on Hop. I could see the Captain thought so too; but Miss Milford being so quiet and gentle, it never occurred to me that she was going to give trouble. I opened the yard gates, the Captain leapt up on Skip, and

(Concluded on page 150)

"Choosing a quiet part of the common, she 'd throw herself from the horse . . ."

Riding for a Fall *(Continued from page 149)*

off they went, and I got busy with the manure cart.

"After that, Miss Milford came twice every week, and it was obvious from the eager way she went to mount Hop, that she was beginning to enjoy herself, and getting on well. Then one day, she and the Captain came in from the lesson and I could see from her being all splashed with mud, that events had taken the usual course. Miss Milford herself told me about it.

"'Hop threw me off,' she said, 'and for a few moments I was quite unconscious. Would you believe it?'

"'Yes, miss, I would,' I said.

"'I had a nasty shaking,' she went on, 'but I wasn't hurt, and I shall come again to-morrow so that I won't lose my nerve.'

"When she had gone, I heard the Captain talking to Miss Carson.

"'Miss Milford might have had a nasty fall,' he said. 'I felt most anxious when I saw her lying unconscious on the ground.'

"Miss Carson smiled.

"'Hop put his foot in a rabbit hole,' went on the Captain. 'Careless brute!'

"Miss Carson laughed out loud then. 'It seems as if she fell and you were tempted,' she said; but the Captain didn't laugh.

"Next morning I had to go and see about a consignment of oats that wasn't up to standard. When I got back, the Captain was limping badly with his ankle tied up.

"'I see you have sprained your ankle, sir,' I said meaningly.

"'I haven't sprained it,' said the Captain. 'I was kicked by Jump.'

"'By Jump?' I repeated, surprised.

"'Yes, by Jump.'

"'I understand, sir,' I said.

"The Captain looked downright angry. 'Don't be a fool, Joe,' he began, but at that moment in walked Miss Milford. She was all womanly sympathy when the Captain told her about his ankle, and it was nearly half-an-hour before she and I started out on Hop and Skip. Naturally, it wasn't long before she was talking about the Captain.

"'It's wonderful how popular the Captain is,' I said, seeing my opportunity was at hand. 'You may not believe it, but some of the young ladies who come here don't come like yourself for the pleasure of healthy exercise and learning to handle a horse.'

"'What do they come for then?' she asks very quick.

"'I often feel sorry for those other young ladies,' I went on, careful to make it clear I didn't mean her.

"'I don't see why,' says she.

"'It's hard when love isn't returned,' I said, coming into the open as it were.

"'Perhaps it will be one of these days,' she says.

"'Not with the Captain devoted to his wife the way he is,' I said, and it shows the progress Miss Milford had made with her riding that she didn't even look like falling off.

"All the same, I felt very awkward, as one does when breaking bad news, and I went on talking more for the sake of something to say than anything.

"'The fact is,' I said, 'Miss Carson is really not so, but the Captain's wife.'

"'Then why is she called Miss Carson?'

"'Because if it was known that he was married, half the young ladies wouldn't come any more,' I said.

"'I see,' said Miss Milford."

THE landlord finished his pint at a gulp.

"And what happened?" I inquired. "Did Miss Milford give up riding?"

"Later on, she did. After she was married. You see, it turned out that the Captain really had been kicked by Jump, and his leg didn't get better for six weeks. I had to give all the lessons, and one day Miss Milford fell off Hop again. Her parents were against the match at first, me being only a groom at the time; but she wouldn't hear anything to the contrary, and in the end they behaved very handsomely and set us up here."

"And what did the Captain think of that?"

"I don't rightly know, sir; but Miss Carson got to hear what I 'd said about her being his wife, and with her having such a sense of humour, she 'd married him within a month."

THE END

The Funniest Tennis Match That Anyone Ever Saw

The Wives Looked On

Groucho Marx and Ellsworth Vines played Charles Chaplin and Fred Perry: can you imagine it? Chaplin and Marx fooled all the way through, but their partners, when they had time from laughing, played straight tennis. Groucho, in spite of all those racquets, and Vines lost by 6—1, 9—7. The three beauties who were in the Beverly Hills audience were Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks ("Doug" is sitting behind), Paulette Goddard, Chaplin's wife, and Helen Vinson (Mrs. Fred Perry)

Groucho Marx, Charles Chaplin, Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry

People Who Paint

No. 3

Below: Baynon Copeland, who in private life is Mrs. Reginald Andersen, is seen with her life-like portrait of lovely Mrs. Charles Sweeny. She has also painted the Duchess of Windsor. Her show was a Bond Street success in May. A smart dresser, she is the antithesis of "arty"

Raoul Millais

Raoul Millais, who paints horses and likes ski-ing on Kleine-Scheidegg, is the handsome grandson of the world-famous Sir John Millais, first Baronet, who was President of the Royal Academy

C. R. W. Nevinson

Nevinson, brilliant critic, rebel artist and original thinker, is to be found at many private views, also frequently in a caravan during the summer leading a violently outdoor life. He is to be read now and then in the "Daily Mail"

R. G. Eves

He made his name with a portrait of Lord Justice Eve; was one of the youngest exhibitors at Burlington House, at the outset of what has been a successful career. A serious, clever painter, he is now an Academician with his quota of six on the walls

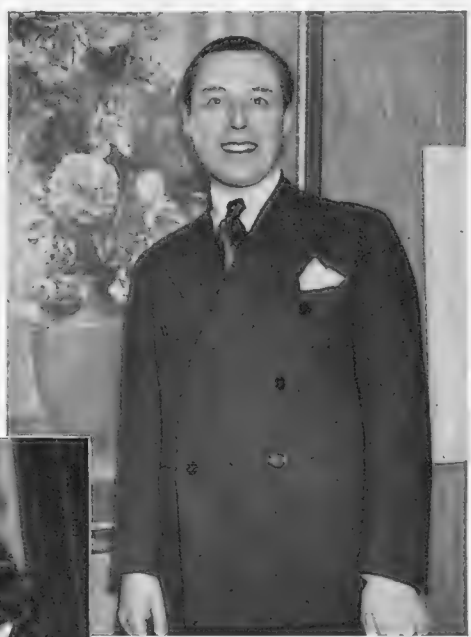
Oswald Birley

Oswald Birley, who had a good war record, is soldierly-looking with delightful manners. Paints men very well, especially the Aga. Women less so. Has a beautiful wife (Rhoda Pike, sister-in-law of Olive Snell), two children, friends in high places, and much facility

Stewart Hill

He has a studio in Chelsea, and looks every inch an artist and a wit. Popular with the intelligentsia, he enjoys holidays in Greece, painting unknown corners of London, and being the best-dressed regular on Private View day

Baynon Copeland



Colin Campbell

Lady Ileene Campbell's artist son had a successful show this year at the Wertheim Gallery, which added to its original reputation with his flower pictures. He only paints flowers, or, alternately, he will design your garden

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Mountains and Mystery : By Alan Thomas

LIFE in a Swiss Sanatorium—life, that is, lived in the shadow of death—is the theme of Mr. Gordon Hayward's first novel, *Avalanche* (Gollancz ; 7s. 6d.). And a remarkably good first novel it is. The picture might have been grim beyond endurance. As it is the author has created an atmosphere that is as light and refreshing as the air of Switzerland itself. The book is a diary, beginning with Captain Craig's arrival at Raglis and ending on what he and we know must be the eve of his final departing. (As the sister opened the door of his room there fell onto the floor—and into his view—the famous placard "No Visitors." One knew what that meant.) But Craig's outlook is not in any sense morbid ; his interest lies not in himself but others. He has a quizzical regard for his fellow creatures, and his descriptions are often highly amusing. He can, too, hit off a character with economy and humour. The Colonel, for example, who habitually referred to Raglis as "the plughole of Europe." "I was rash enough," says Craig, "to speak to the Colonel about my resolution to do something useful with my rest hours, something helpful. The Colonel grinned. He said he felt I ought to be a curate. The Colonel's attitude towards curates is not antagonistic, but vaguely pitying. In his opinion a curate is something rather like a rifle with a bent barrel. Cartridges they have, no end, but what is the use of them if one can't take aim ? I am afraid that talking to the Colonel is a waste of time." And when the doctor tells him he 's a great deal better, the Colonel replies : "Oh, no, I 'm not. I 'm going to die—and I don't care a damn ! "

I have taken the Colonel only as an example. There are many others who live—and die—in these pages. Yet in the midst of death we are in life : and the courage of the diarist never fails him. A memorable book.

As the faithful Hastings observes in *Dumb Witness*, by Agatha Christie (Collins ; 7s. 6d.) : "You know, Poirot, that 's the worst of this game of ours. Every single little thing that anyone does is open to the most sinister construction." The game for the reader is to know what is solid flesh and what is nothing more than good red herring. And when it comes to red herrings, Miss Christie is a dab. *Dumb Witness* is dedicated to her wire-haired terrier who plays the title-rôle, and in more senses than one sets the ball rolling. The death of Miss Emily Arundell, rich, elderly spinster, surprised no one in the country town of Market Basing. What upset her relatives was the manner in which she disposed of her money : and if they were upset, why should not the will be also ? But while there was a will, there was no way—until Hercules Poirot made his appearance and shed light in dark places. There was a nail in the skirting-board of the staircase ; before her death Miss Arundell's head had become enveloped in a luminous mist ; and there was a Greek doctor hovering round. With these and other ingredients Miss Christie makes an excellent tale in her best tradition. From the moment when Charles tells his aunt that unless she mends her ways she is in danger of being "bumped off," the atmosphere becomes, of course, artificial. Nor in the course of Poirot's many visits does he always trouble to explain Hastings' presence. But of Miss Christie's inventiveness, ingenuity and readability *Dumb Witness* is extraordinarily eloquent.

THE official account of the 1933 Mount Everest Expedition has been written in *Everest* 1933. For an intimate, personal story of the expedition we now have Mr. F. S. Smythe's *Camp Six* (Hodder and Stoughton ; 18s.). The two books naturally overlap in places, but the reader need have no fear that Mr. Smythe has merely duplicated Mr. Ruttledge's work. Mr. Smythe's book is founded on the diary he kept : and quite apart from the tale of the Expedition, one gets here the personal thoughts, aspirations and disappointments of a man who has done what very few other men have even attempted, and who can write about his experiences in a simple, unaffected, vivid and often humorous way. The Expedition failed in its object. "We were beaten," writes Mr. Smythe, "and Everest had no further use for us. . . . We had felt we were unwanted, perhaps because we were unworthy." But Mr. Smythe's book does not somehow read like the story of a failure. In this adventure there was, as he discovered, something very much worth while. *Camp Six* will appeal not only to all mountaineers, but also to a very much wider range of reader. It is excellently illustrated.

Gordon Hayward

His first novel, reviewed on this page, is as "light and refreshing as the air of Switzerland," where it is set, although the subject is life in a sanatorium and the hero is incurable. It is called "Avalanche" and is published by Gollancz

"ORIENTAL SPOTLIGHT," written by Rameses and illustrated by Roly (John Murray ; 5s.), is a satirical commentary on the inhabitants, native and otherwise, of Egypt and one or two countries east of Suez. The raw material of the humour is mainly the graft, inefficiency and nepotism commonly associated with the Oriental, and the obtuseness and general stupidity that is said to attach to British officialdom. The author is very familiar with the types and places he is writing about, and those who know Egypt will chortle over some of his descriptions. The book is funny, cruelly so in parts : it is indeed to be hoped that any Egyptians who may happen to come across it will have enough sense of humour (as, of course, the British will) to appreciate its satire. Roly who has drawn the pictures appears to have a genius for depicting villainy in the faces of his oriental subjects.

A SELECTION—twenty in all—of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's mystery tales has been published under the title of *Q's Mystery Stories* (Dent ; 7s. 6d.). This is a volume not to be missed by those who, in the words of that other great writer of mystery stories, M. R. James, like being made "to feel pleasantly uncomfortable when walking along a solitary road at nightfall, or sitting over a dying fire in the small hours." Q and M. R. James indeed have a good deal in common—the same atmosphere of erudition (I cite here, for example, Q's story, *Not Here, O Apollo !*), the same care in the use of the written word, and the same power of suggesting that there are more things in heaven and earth than Horatio dreamt of. These tales of Q's have been published before, but it is good to have such a varied selection between two covers.

Fashion as it flies . . .

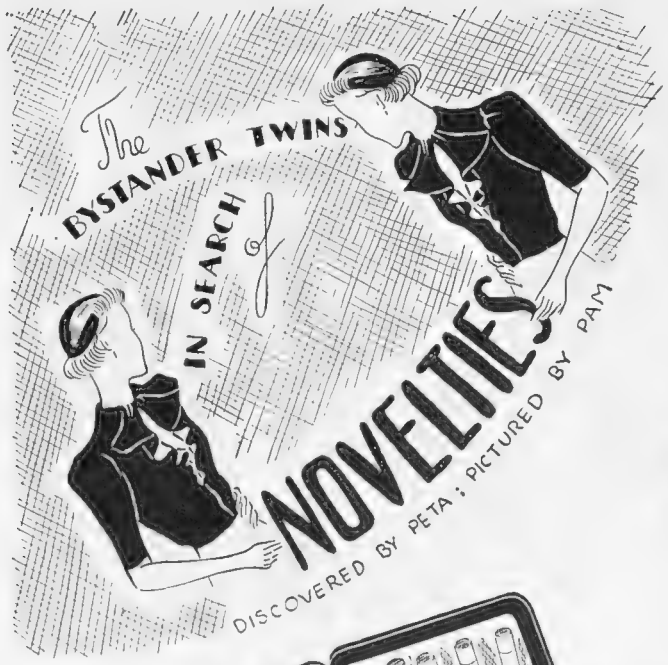
by Elizabeth

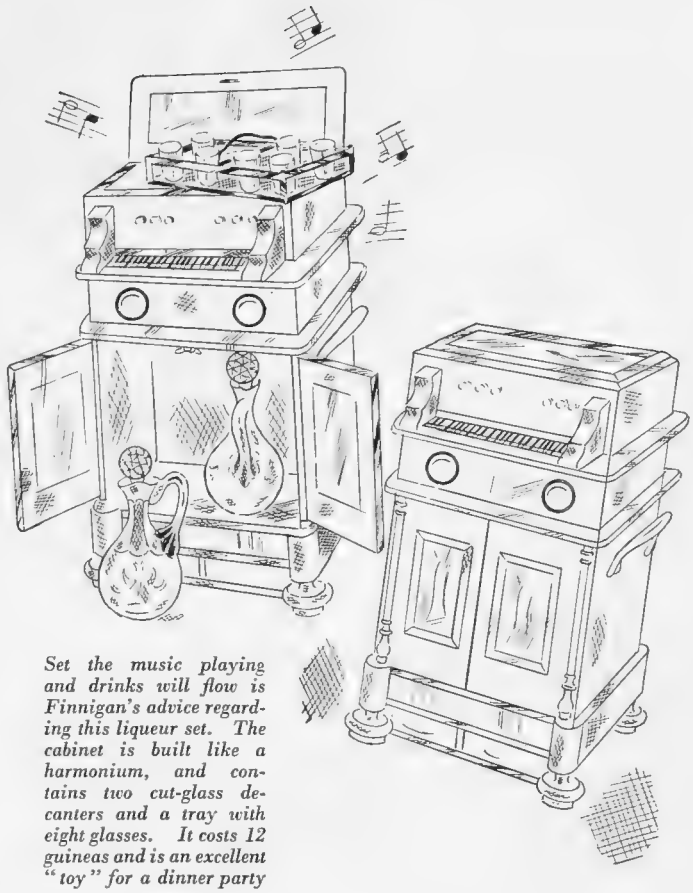
The first leaves of Autumn are already falling in the shops, and Jay's, Regent Street, are showing a delightful collection of suits and ensembles for cooler days, in their ready-to-wear department on the second floor. This includes tweeds for Scotland in rich moorland colourings which, during the month of August, will cost as little as six and a half guineas for a suit and three-quarter length top coat. On the right is a dress and short coat for more formal occasions, in lapis blue wool with a hairy surface. The frock has a high neck and cross-over effect piped with soutache and worked with sunray tucks, whereas the triangular pocket in grey Indian lamb carries out the trimming on the coat. This is semi-fitting and slightly squared across the shoulders, while the cost of the ensemble is fourteen and a half guineas

Ways of Wearing Curls

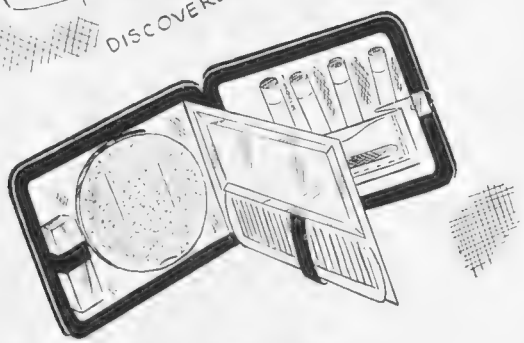
Though fresh air is a wonderful tonic for the hair, strong winds and sea breezes have a way of blowing waves away, unless, of course, they are natural, and by the end of the day many women are faced with the difficulty of dressing their hair for dinner. Realising that hairdressers are not always available, Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, have devised the most ingenious affair known as "La Naturelle" Bandlette. This not only hides all deficiencies such as stray ends, but provides an entirely new coiffure. It is specially made in naturally curly hair to match any shade or texture, and varies in design

In every case, however, the Bandlette is easily adjusted, and can be slipped on at a moment's notice, while it may be worn both indoors and out, as it is absolutely secure, and will not slip or fall off in the middle of an energetic game of tennis. The heads on this page show how charming it can look. Starting from the right-hand picture we have a simple unadorned coiffure in which the hair is swept off the forehead. Above it, the same head is wearing a Bandlette of halo curls which, in the top picture, is seen from a different angle. The curls mingle with the wearer's own hair and are quite undetectable, merely adding grace and charm. This invention has proved invaluable to travellers, who so often are unable to visit the hairdresser regularly, and yet wish to retain a soignée appearance. It is not expensive, and expert advice will gladly be given free of charge





Set the music playing and drinks will flow is Finnigan's advice regarding this liqueur set. The cabinet is built like a harmonium, and contains two cut-glass decanters and a tray with eight glasses. It costs 12 guineas and is an excellent "toy" for a dinner party



All you need for a day's outing is contained in this flat sealskin case which is dyed a lovely shade of green. It costs 37/6 at Mudie's, 115, New Bond Street, and is fitted with a gilt powder box, lipstick and comb, besides a space for cigarettes and matches

The picture map on the left is a new type of Meridian or round-the-world clock from Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street. It is framed in pigskin and divided into twenty-four countries. Starting with Greenwich time, it is possible to find out how far other continents differ. For example, twelve noon here means 5 p.m. in India

Let fair words fall from fragrant lips, lightly brushed with Elizabeth Arden's new scented lipstick. Its case is crowned with a small perforated compartment filled with the breath of Blue Grass perfume, and it costs 7/6 at 25, Old Bond Street. The colour itself is called Royal, a true, clear red

A miniature shaving-set for half a guinea, which can be carried in the smallest pocket, is sketched on the right from Mudie's. The case is available in pigskin or silver mole, lined with rubber, and fitted with a collapsible razor, two blades and an efficient shaving brush

Major H. D. Hawkins (secretary)

C. Law

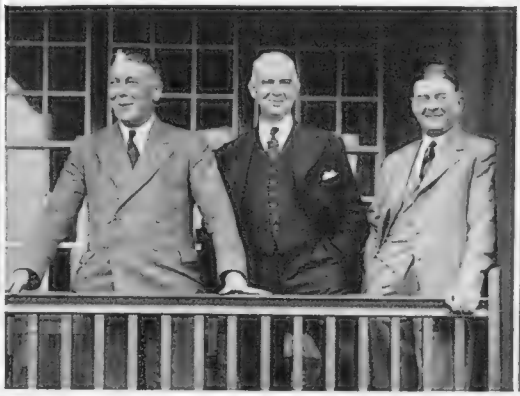
Commander L. T. C. Hill (captain)

Golf Clubs at Home

Reading and South Oxon

This club was founded in 1910 as the Caversham and South Oxon Golf Club, and is one of the oldest in the district. It lies partly in Oxfordshire, partly in Berkshire, and its subsoil is partly chalk, partly gravel. It is consequently dry in winter, and offers all the year a round of golf which is a medium test. The clubhouse has recently been extended and improved

T. Cornfoot



T. A. Burrows, James Yates-Fish, Dr. M. Murphy

F. W. Parfitt

R. H. Flitney (professional)

J. C. Symonds

R. J. Maxwell

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Medal Course at Carnoustie

WHEN I arrived at Carnoustie just before the Open Championship, there were many arguments going on as to whether a score better than 70 would be returned or not on the Medal Course. These arguments were soon settled. On the first day of the qualifying play, Aubrey Boomer, one of the second pair to start, returned a 69; and Horton Smith, the discarded of the American Ryder Cup Team, who started two hours later, returned the same score; Boomer, moreover, started 5, 5, to Smith's 4, 3. In the Championship proper, 70 was the best score returned, and with this score, Reggie Whitcombe won the Tooting Bec Cup, which goes to the British player who returns the lowest score in the Open. I am quite convinced that, if the continuous rain had not made the course play extremely slow, this score would have been beaten.

THE 69's were done when tees were in play which gave the course the paltry length, for the modern ball, of a little over 6700 yards. On the first day of the Championship proper, what one humorist referred to as "the ladies' tees" were discarded, and tees used which gave the course a length of approximately 7200 yards.

On the last two days of the Championship, the eighteenth tee was put forward again to its position in the qualifying rounds. When the furthest back tee at the eighteenth hole was in play there was such a strong easterly wind against the players, that many refused to risk the long carry over the burn, and took irons off the tee and played well out to the right, which meant that the competitors playing the seventeenth hole were bombarded.

Unfortunately, when this tee was put forward again, there was not sufficient wind to make the carry, even from the back tee, over the burn hazardous even to less long drivers and, consequently, the hole became a drive and an easy shot with an iron; in fact, the long hitters on many occasions played their seconds with a mashie-niblick. This hole, which in 1931, when a ball did not go nearly as far as the present one, was most terrifying, would have been the easiest 4 on the course, if the hole had not been cut within a few yards of the boundary fence on the left. It was possible for a player to put his second shot within twenty yards of the pin and find his ball "out of bounds."

THIS habit of cutting holes in freakish places near the edges of putting greens is extremely foolish, and only causes annoyance, but it is indulged in by many greenkeepers and green committees. It is usually a sign that the committee consider its course so easy that good players will return ridiculously low scores, and consequently a sign of weakness. The eighteenth green at Carnoustie was not the only one about which complaints were made concerning the cutting of the hole.

The Medal Course at Carnoustie is, in all conscience, a sufficient test of the game with the holes cut fair and in proper places. In fact, in unfavourable weather, it is probably the severest test of all, so why there should be any temptation to try and make it more difficult by, if not exactly illegal, at any rate unfair means, is hard to understand.

THERE were many complaints, especially among the Americans, about the numerous bunkers constructed in the middle of the fairways, and some argued that they were unfair as only a good shot got into many of them. This criticism is by no means justified, besides, no good shot has ever yet got into a bunker, nor ever will. That great judge of the game, the late John Low, always stated very emphatically, that no bunker which you could see from the tee was unfair, wherever it was placed, and that if you hit your ball into it you had either your lack of skill or your lack of brain to blame.

Many of these central bunkers were, from the back tees only, in range of those who had, as one famous ex-Open Champion used to describe it, "got a grip of the ball"; consequently players who hit the ball well but not exactly where they intended, found themselves in trouble, while those who had failed to get a grip of the ball did not reach the central hazards. The latter, however, were penalised, as they could not, at the majority of the holes, get home in two shots.

Central bunkers are, in my opinion, most excellent types of hazards, but all good things can be overdone, and I certainly think that the central hazard has been a little overdone at Carnoustie.

ASSISTED to a very considerable extent by heavy rain, which fell nearly every night and day during play in both the qualifying and the Championship, and to a small extent by the wind, the Medal Course provided more shots with wooden clubs for the first-class golfer than any other course I have ever seen, and made play with the present ball by the best players look less ridiculously easy than usual. It was certainly these continuous long shots up to the green which were responsible for the many high scores returned. One leading professional stated that there was not a single easy par 4 hole on the course, and I must say that I agree with his view.

You can get some idea of how long the course played from the fact that nearly all the players, including Dallemagne, took wood from the sixteenth tee at a hole which only measured 250 yards, and from the fact that the winner twice required four shots at this hole.

The Medal Course at Carnoustie was, without any question, about as severe a test of the game under modern conditions as you can get and it certainly produced the best golfer as champion, and that, after all, is what a championship course is for.

The Golf Balls of Stoke Tournament at Stoke Poges

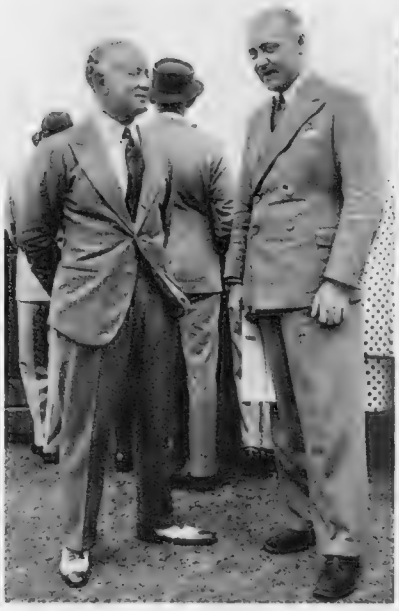
K. V. Braddon and E. H. Chambers won the Golf Balls of Stoke round the Old Course, whose par is 73, with an aggregate of 135 and an amazing first round score of 62. They won the tournament in 1933 as well

A. McClure and A. Hutton came second only a stroke behind, as the winners spoilt their fine first-round score with a second of 73. McClure and A. Hutton's rounds were more consistent—67 + 69

And C. J. Anderson and A. W. Gibbs, despite a vivid contrast in trouserings, made a successful partnership to come third, with 70 and 68 = 138. Gibbs is from Muswell Hill, Anderson from Northwood

In Frinton's Sea

Commander Michael Wentworth, Miss Kay Stammers and Miss Alex McOstrich are the bathers. Kay Stammers retired from the singles in the tournament, won the doubles with Mrs. J. B. Pitman; in the mixed doubles she was partnered by Comdr. Wentworth



On Frinton's Land:

Capt. Herbert Buckmaster, who is spending his summer at Frinton, was talking to the Secretary of the Lawn Tennis Club, Capt. H. D. Murrane, M.C., the successor to Mr. P. Bangs

Players and Non-Players

This Frinton group consists of Miss Alex McOstrich, recently elected captain of Middlesex, and engaged to be married in the autumn to Roy McKelvie, Maurice Bryceson, the golfer who acted as assistant referee, Countess Tozara and Countess de la Valdène, who won the singles from Miss V. E. Scott

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

THE summer goes too quickly for my liking—Wimbledon long over—the Davis Cup—the golf Open—why, soon we shall be thinking of Rugby football, and already there are stories of great preparations for the Soccer season. Only to-day I hear tell of the Arsenal negotiations for the transfer of Bryn Jones, of Wolverhampton Wanderers. Arsenal have been after Jones for a long time. Manager George Allison sees in him the ideal successor to Alex James, that great little player who has delighted us for so long with his wizardry. And they say—how busy the jade Rumour is, to be sure!—that Arsenal are offering something like £12,000 for Jones: a staggering thought.

But perhaps the adventures of the Arsenal hardly come within the realm of summer sport, though Soccer starts in August, which seems to be a trifle premature, to put it mildly.

WHAT worries me is the way the summer appears to grow shorter as we grow older. Do you remember your schooldays, when the period from May to September seemed a never-ending carnival of cricket and cherries and strawberries and cream and swimming and long weeks at sea? Even the University terms, with the long vac stretching away ahead, gave us time to taste our summers fully. But now it goes in a flash, this brief, delightful period, and summer is only a tantalising background to work.

Perhaps I need a holiday. Possibly I have watched too much cricket lately.

Three Sleeve Styles at Lord's

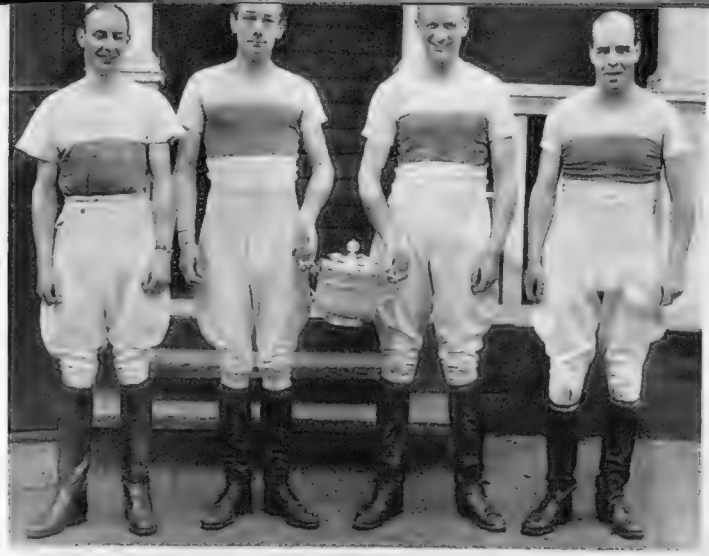
They are going out to field for Gloucestershire against Middlesex: B. H. Lyon, sleeves rolled round wrists, Dr. C. Tyler (of the Cirencester Agricultural College), sleeves orthodox, who took five wickets like ninepins in the first innings, and B. O. Allen, sleeves round hands, which is most unorthodox. Middlesex won by eight wickets

Half-way North

The exodus north has begun, to Turnberry, Gleneagles, North Berwick, as jumping-off grounds for the moors when the Twelfth draws nearer. This picture, taken at Turnberry, shows Lady Violet Astor, Lord Hartington and the Duchess of Rutland

The

It was the fourth of this the National Playing Diana Fishwick (second with an aggregate of 2 afternoon). The other



The Queen's Bays Won the Military Handicap

Mr. J. de G. Tatham Warter, Mr. H. W. Hibbert, Lt.-Col. E. D. Fanshawe and Capt. D. V. H. Asquith, with a total handicap of ten, were the Queen's Bays' team who met and heavily defeated the Scots Greys in the final of the Military Handicap Challenge Cup at Roehampton. In extenuation of the 9—1 result be it said that two of the Scots Greys' ponies failed to turn up

which does not sound like work, though it is when journalism lies behind your watching. I will say this, though—I have never enjoyed following a season of first-class cricket as much as this one. Something has happened to the game. It is altogether happier. Players know it as well as spectators. Cricket, I believe, is round the corner.

RATHER interesting, the team chosen to play for England in the Test match which has just finished at Manchester. Would you have picked F. R. Brown as a probable England player before the season began? How he will have fared against New Zealand at Old Trafford I don't know, but there's no doubt he's bowling those quick leg-breaks of his uncommonly well this year.

And it's worth noting that the selectors chose the only fast bowler in

(Concluded on page ii)

Lymington's Regatta was held in overcast weather with periods of rain, as these clothes imply: they were worn by the Hon. Denis Berry, and his wife, as they went out to sail their Query in the Solent Sunbeam class

Brown Wins the Quarter

The Oxford and Cambridge victory over Yale and Harvard was the first on American soil, and Godfrey Brown's fine double in the quarter and half miles contributed to a large extent to it

Officer Cadet D. L. Birney, late of the Cambridge University O.T.C., won the most coveted rifle prize in the world at Bisley. He had already shot there for Winchester and for Cambridge, and his win in the King's was a very popular one with everybody

"Playing Fields" Foursomes at Ashridge Golf Club

annual event—the mixed foursomes in aid of Fields Association. It was won by Miss from left) and Brig.-Gen. Critchley (right), up (all square in the morning, 2 up in the wo are Miss J. Harker and Mr. J. S. Beatty

Henry Cotton was one of several professional entrants; his partner was Mrs. de Moss, and they came fourth, winning the afternoon handicap prize. He is with Mr. and Mrs. A. McNair

Casting Flies at Ranelagh for British Championships

Left are Capt. Edwards, winner of the open half-ounce bait accuracy, and Flt.-Lt. G. Greenaway, winner of the one-eighth-ounce bait distance (with a new British record of 57 yards). Right are Mr. Art Neu (U.S.A.), and Mr. Marvin Hedge (U.S.A. champion) examining rods with Major Lord Glanusk

Family Foursomes

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

ONE of the better bits of news this week is that our Open Champion, Miss Jessie Anderson, has successfully parted with a pair of faulty tonsils. Everybody will wish her the quickest of recoveries, and expect her to be a tower of strength in future.

The golfing world is determined that fixtures shall never lack, and circulars have just been sent out about one popular event celebrating its first anniversary, and another making its first appearance. The yearling is the Fathers and Daughters handicap match-play tournament at West Sussex, on September 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Sheila Stroyan and her father are the holders, in spite of the strokes they had to give last year, and it is certain that a great many will want to come and have a tilt at that excellent combination. Pulborough gained a host of admirers when the match against France was played there in May; Lally Vagliano and her father would be no unlikely entrants for this tournament, to give a pleasant international flavour again, and no doubt grown-up daughters will hasten, before their parents grow any older, to come and put mere girls in their places.

IF the handicap part of it defeats them there, they can have another try a fortnight later in the new event at Burhill, for this open tournament is scratch, only with the additional excitement that mothers and sons are equally eligible as a pair with fathers and daughters. Any family entering a pair of each variety will be let off all entry fees. The Duce is evidently not the only person who believes in a family bounty, and we can look forward to the day when mixed twins will have a huge welcome from young parents anxious to be thoroughly equipped for the future battles of Burhill.

Really this is a competition of enormous possibilities. Some of the Oxford and Cambridge golfers have quite useful mammas; there are international women whose fathers are not yet past putting up a good show: Burhill is so accessible to London, and it looks as if the 15th and following days there will be a rare bit of last fun before settling down to the strenuosities of the autumn season. As a handicap event it might be even more popular, but the first year of any fixture can always be experimental, and Burhill can take much credit for this enterprise.

ASHRIDGE'S day for the National Playing Fields Association is quite one of the dates of the summer, and this year's gave a chance for Miss Diana Fishwick and General Critchley to show what they could do this side of the Channel. They did it to some effect, 2 up over the thirty-six holes playing from scratch, amongst the defeated couples being such giants as Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. G. A. Hill, the holders, and Henry Cotton and Mrs. de Moss, who had three strokes, and finished fourth, 2 down.

WHEN the time comes to look back over 1937, it seems to me that one of the cheeriest recollections of its golf will be of the various meetings and matches with the players from the Dominions. At the risk of sounding extremely personal, everybody would like to say what a delightful lot of folk they are; the more we have seen of them, the more we have wanted to see, and when they say "Come over and see us in return," it is a great deal more than a façon de parler to say "I only wish I could." Many are leaving England now, and we shall really miss them.

The Veterans entertained them at Ealing on a lovely summer's day, just hot enough to make the ice-cream man an extraordinarily pleasant fellow to meet beside the fourteenth tee. There was quite a pleasant little breeze to fan the face, and a wonderful carpet of green grass underfoot, making some members of less lucky clubs the same hue with envy.

THE match itself was played under L.G.U. handicap, the Overseas making mincemeat of the notion that theirs ought to be several strokes higher if they are to compare accurately with ours, by leading on the singles, even though carrying a substitute without qualification, who lost a match for them. She and another with no better claim than St. George's Channel, won their foursomes for them, though, and the Dominions got home by the odd match, so everything was exactly as if the only real Overseas had played—except that I should have lost an extremely pleasant day's golf.

Mrs. Catteral, the Rhodesian Champion, is one of the very few left-handers who can make that way round look natural, and, what is more, convincing. She could not hold Miss Doris Chambers, it is true, but then, the Veterans' champion was round in something under par figures, and therefore unlikely to be beaten by anybody. The Dominion winners were Mrs. Hawley, Miss Pam Stiebel, Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Halse Rogers, with a halved match from Mrs. Sturgis Wells.

IT is something to look forward to that there will be a South African touring team over here next spring; Miss Chambers is to be their official guide and hostess, and every organiser of every event will hope to see them: it is greatly to be wished that BYSTANDER One-Day Foursomes at Wentworth and the Scottish Foursomes may come into their programme. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Ladies v. Men

Capt. John Craigie got together a men's team to meet Mrs. Brindle's women's team at the New Zealand Golf Club, West Byfleet: here, studying their returns, are Captain Craigie, Mr. Kenneth Wagg, Miss Riviere and Mrs. Hely Hutchinson

Playing for the Playing Fields

Lord and Lady Hampden, Major Hirsch, Miss Pinto and Capt. and Mrs. R. J. Pinto were marching up the Ashridge course where the fourth annual "Playing Fields" mixed foursomes were held. The event attracted an entry of sixty-two couples and was won by Brig.-Gen. Critchley and Miss Diana Fishwick

I.24a

OH!!
You nearly dropped it—
her
priceless
Sèvres! . . .

how relieved
you feel
as
you see it
safely
replaced . . .

and
how thankful
you are
for
a cigarette
after
that awful moment!

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Showing the Air Flag

By Charles Ward

To South Africa at High Speed

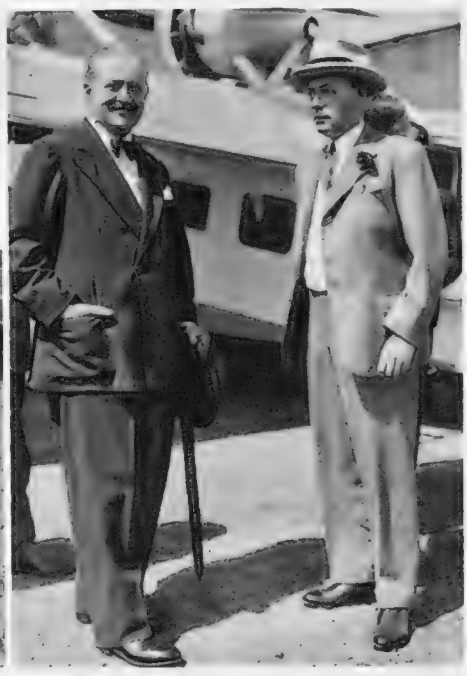
It is intended to show the flag through Africa at or around 200 miles an hour—plans are being made to send a formation of Bristol "Blenheims" to the Cape as part of the annual R.A.F. cruise. The "Blenheim," with its two "Mercury" engines, is the fastest bomber in service. At 15,000 feet, a comfortable height for such practices, it flies at 280 miles an hour; whilst at four miles high it still maintains 260, having climbed there in a quarter of an hour. Early experiences with retractable chassis have proved that pilots do forget to wind down the undercart before landing. The "Blenheim" is fitted with a warning klaxon, suitably geared to annoy the most phlegmatic pilot when he closes the throttle, and until he adjusts the levers to the safe position. The R.A.F. is showing the flag in foreign parts during this week. The international meeting at Zurich has attracted entries from most countries in Europe, and although the R.A.F. will not compete, its exhibition of flight aerobatics is certain to receive applause. Four "Furies," under the command of Flight-Lieut. E. D. J. Donaldson, will give the same display as that performed at Hendon this year. It is a unique exhibition, in that the addition of the fourth machine to complete a diamond pattern makes every loop and roll more difficult to execute. Speeds up to 300 miles an hour are registered during this perfect display of drill in the air. An interesting example of mobility is provided by the "Bombay" transport, which will accompany the "Furies." Spares, tools, and mechanics will be flown to Zurich in the same formation. As a troop-carrier proper, the "Bombay" holds twenty-four fully armed infantrymen, or, as a freighter, it can carry nearly three tons of stores.

At Hatfield

The Gipsy Minor engine of 75 h.p. has been fitted to the de H. 94, the latest design at Hatfield. It is a small two-seater low-wing monoplane, intended for testing structural features that may alter the basic plan of all de Havilland products. First flights were made by Captain de Havilland, who is the veteran pilot-designer of this country. Both of his sons test aircraft for the firm, Geoffrey Junior putting up a fine performance on the Technical School's 'plane in the race to Cardiff the other day. De Havillands have been much in the news lately, owing to the decision to double the capital of the company. Since its formation in 1920, de H.'s have played the lead in the civil aircraft market. First the Moth, then the Gipsy engine, followed by the Dragon, the Rapide, the Comet racer, and now the Albatross—each in its turn has enhanced de H. prestige, which was built up during the war of 1914-18, mainly on the fine reputation of the de H.4. Export business is at a high level—one of the latest orders comes from Australia, for a subsidised service to New Guinea. Three of the "Express" type liners have been ordered. The route extends nearly 2000 miles, and includes two sea crossings of 100 miles each. Imperial Airways is the biggest operator of the "Express," having recorded about five million miles on aircraft of this class since they were first put into service. Hattie's Camp in Newfoundland will be ready in the autumn to receive the "Albatross."

Overheard on the Tarmac

Croydon is busy—records have been broken this summer, with 117 liners in and out during one day. A weeks' total almost reached 700 commercial aircraft, carrying 3868 passengers. Almost imperceptibly, first-class travel to the Continent is being transferred from Victoria to Croydon. However, what the Southern Railway loses on traffic de luxe is being made up in part by the great increase in second and third-class rail travel. With its share-holding in Imperial Airways, and its control of Lullingstone site, the probable successor to Croydon as the airport for London, the Southern is in a very strong position. There is a move in the direction of South America. British Airways is to be subsidised for the operation of a route via West Africa and provision is made for the purchase of British aircraft to replace those units of the fleet that are American. The services to Europe are to be increased so that a night mail is flown to Berlin in conjunction with Lufthansa. Whilst we have fought shy of night flying, the Germans have worked in and out of Croydon every night for many years. Very valuable experience has been gained by hundreds of pilots and engineers of all types during this period. There are villages in Kent where clocks are checked by the passage overhead of the German mail, so punctual has been its passage every night. For those who enjoy Paris, there is to be an expedition from Brooklands on Sunday, and if sufficient support is received from members, the School will be closed until the following Tuesday. Captain Duncan Davis is organising the event, which has, as its alleged objective, the Paris Exhibition. Dawn patrols, an excuse for early flying invented at Brooklands, will feature in the programme as ground instruction. Intending competitors for the King's Cup race on September 10th and 11th, are reminded that the final date for entries at double fees is August 2nd.



The Royal Aero Club of Great Britain Held a Rally at Deauville

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davis flew over in his spic and span Leopard Moth. "Bill" Davis is the "boss" of Lympne Aerodrome

M. André, "king" of Deauville, is with M. A. Esders, president of Deauville Aerodrome, and a great personality in French aviation

Commander Norman Holbrook, V.C., was flown over to Deauville by Dick Fairey, the son of the aircraft manufacturer

This England . . .

from St. Catherine's Hill, nr. Winchester

EVERY landscape, however casual in its arrangement, is dear to the heart of someone. To him a familiar group of trees upon the skyline spells "home" as surely as some casual (and usually more unfortunate) arrangement of brick and tile. There is a feeling of permanence therein that links the short span of youth and manhood to the greater permanence of his race. We all feel it—that is why another man's England is sympathetic to us also. This instinctive feeling comes out oddly here and there . . . it is instinctively that you like Worthington rather than by what you are told of it, because it is a beer brewed in a very old way and part, therefore, of the permanence of this England.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

UNLESS you happen to be a driver of almost superhuman skill with the luck to have had your prowess spotted by a manufacturer on the look-out for racing talent, you will find that motor-racing is very definitely a rich man's sport.

Some idea of the expense of motor-racing in this country alone—apart from journeys abroad to compete in overseas events—was conveyed by a recent Press Bulletin issued by the Road Racing Club, the Crystal Palace Track proprietors, referring to the London Grand Prix Race, for which nineteen cars had been entered.

The total cost of these cars was computed to be in excess of £21,000. Estimates of the cost of entering these cars for the race, bringing them to the track, insuring them against accident (including third party, but excluding personal accident), and expenses of mechanics, came out at about £1200.

The great majority of drivers fit a set of new tyres before a race—such as the Crystal Palace event—and these would aggregate some £380, while the special fuels used could average out at about 9s. per gallon. The fuel consumption of racing cars on a tortuous course, such as the Crystal Palace Circuit, would work out at something between 4 and 7 miles per gallon, so that £105 for fuel would be a fair estimate.

The probability is that the owner of a racing car has some special lorry upon which to transport it from race to race. That lorry will cost him between £200 and £400, while the alternative of a trailer and a towing car would probably cost even more, so a seasonal spread-over figure of £300 per car for transport plus £100 for tax, insurance and running cost of such transport is fair, if not conservative. On the assumption that a car runs in ten races in the season, one may then allocate £40 per car per race for transport, or in the case of this race, £760.

TO summarise the expenses, therefore, we may take the following as a basis :—

Value of cars - -	£21,000
Entry-fees, Insurance, Mechanics, etc. - - -	1,200
Tyres - - - - -	380
Fuels - - - - -	105
Transport - - - -	760
	£23,445

This gives for each of the nineteen competing cars an average individual figure of £1234, excluding the drivers' personal expenses and costs of preparing the cars and the possibility of the necessity for subsequent repairs. If all these things are taken into account, the figure per car may, I think, reasonably be increased to £1500.

SO far, I have drawn mainly upon the Road Racing Club's Press Bulletin for my figures. Now let me draw upon their regulations governing the conduct of the London Grand Prix, for in a moment of true forgetfulness the Bulletin omitted to add that the most that any driver could hope to net in prize money was £180 and to do this he had to *win* two races—his heat (£30) and the final (£150) ! And—the entrant of each car completing 14 laps in the final also became entitled to—a tankard !

Can you wonder that motor-racing in this country is not a particularly paying proposition ? For an outlay which the organisers of a London Race Meeting compute at £1500 they are prepared to reward the winner of the big event with a prize of £150 ; yet this prize, amounting to a mere 10 per cent. of the driver's outlay is not ungenerous as some other British motor-racing prizes go.

It does not seem to have occurred to race-organisers in this country that they make (or ought to make) their money out of their " gate " and that their " gate " depends one hundred per cent. upon the quality of the entry. By making the sport of motor-racing prohibitively costly to all but the very wealthy, they are probably ruining their chances of ever obtaining the best talent and of encouraging a quality-entry.

This group in the first heat for the London Grand Prix (won by Raymond Mays) consists of J. H. Nickels, in a M.G. Midget, leading Pat Maclure in a Riley ; behind is Bartlett (No. 8). The whole event was won by Mr. " B. Bira "

Mrs. Roy Eccles

She competed by invitation in the London Grand Prix at the Crystal Palace, the one woman against sixteen men. Unfortunately, her Rapier Special ran on to a patch of oil and overturned, but she was not seriously hurt

If only adequate prize-money were forthcoming, I am sure we should see vastly better racing which, in turn, would attract the crowds who would provide the cash for such increased prize-money. Who is going to be the first to take a long view of the situation and start this motor-racing uplift movement ?

AS to the London Grand Prix Race itself, this was fraught with interest from start to finish—in fact, even before the start, for while practising over a wet circuit no fewer than fifteen of the cars came unstuck to a greater or less extent.

On the day, the first heat ended sensationally enough with a win for Raymond Mays by half a second from Connell on the only other E.R.A. in the race. Heat II. started as sensationally as Heat I. had finished, for it provided the Crystal Palace with its first false start. When the field was officially dispatched, however, a splendid scrap ensued between Arthur Dobson's and " B. Bira's " E.R.A.'s, victory going to the latter by a bare couple of seconds. This heat was greatly enlivened by John Bolster's spirited handling of his Shelsley Special, this being extremely fast on the straights and exceedingly—er—" Bolster " on corners !

It was on the fourth lap of this race that Mrs. Eccles ran at speed on to a patch of oil dropped by another car on the South Tower bend, her Rapier car spinning round and overturning. The driver was somewhat shaken and hurt her shoulder, but fortunately escaped serious injury.

Between Heat II. and the Final there was a lively motor-cycle-and-sidecar race in which A. H. Horton's passenger momentarily " dropped out " (literally) to the huge delight of the spectators !

A wonderful duel between " Bira " and Dobson made the Final a memorable race. On his fourth lap, " Bira " set up a new record for the course at 56·47 m.p.h., but he could not shake off Dobson who passed him on the eleventh lap, only to crash backwards into the wall of the lily-pond a few minutes later, splitting his petrol tank. With Dobson out, " Bira " went on to win easily from Connell with Maclure on his unsupercharged Riley third after a magnificent effort.

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Summer Sport

(Continued from page 159)

the country who consistently bowls a length, and doesn't waste the new ball by bowling short. That 's Wellard of Somerset, and some of our other fast bowlers might take note. They may get rid of indifferent county batsmen by bowling this negative short stuff, but Bradman and McCabe would hook it crack through the Tavern and into the St. John's Wood Road.

By the way, a reader criticises my contention that Harrow's declaration against Eton was both sporting and perfectly judged. He thinks it was just plumb stupid. " Once you 've got your opponents by the scruff of the neck, as Harrow had Eton," he says, " you should never let 'em go—certainly not by declaring while there 's any chance of their getting the runs."

Well, that seems to me a pretty detestable point of view, and a foolish one at that. What 's the use of a draw to anyone ? And the fact that Harrow gave Eton time to get the runs might have had the effect of starting the Eton batsmen pressing, so to speak, and thus making them collapse. It didn't, for which much credit to Eton, but it might have done, and Harrow had the courage and sense to gamble on it.

I mention this because it goes to the root of our attitude towards games. There 's too much of this safety-first stuff about. There are still men on county cricket committees who will reprove a young batsman for scoring too fast and taking chances. You see it in Rugby football, too—the teams who sit on a lead and kick drearily into touch. As for my correspondent, a plague on you, my dear sir, on you and your like.

Very soon we now shall be awaiting with keen interest news of the America's Cup races, and Solent opinion here seems to be that Mr. Sopwith's Endeavour II. has a tolerably good chance against Mr. Vanderbilt's Ranger. The two yachts are very much alike in construction and general dimensions ; whether Charles Nicholson, the English designer, has evolved a faster hull than his American rivals, Olin Stephens and Starling Burgess, remains to be seen.

Superficially, the conditions for the race will be very even, and a great deal obviously depends on the handling. In 1934, Mr. Sopwith lost on the handling, but this year the experts are more hopeful about his chances. In the old days, professional skippers used to sail the yachts. Now the owners are also the helmsmen. Mr. Sopwith's reputation as a helmsman has greatly increased, and he will have Sir Ralph Gore with him. Mr. Vanderbilt is also a helmsman of the widest experience, but he will miss the advice of Mr. Sherman Hoyt, who sailed with him in 1934. The American crew of Scandinavian seamen will be first-rate, but Mr. Sopwith will not be at a disadvantage here.

The issue, in fact, is very open. The Americans are optimistic, as they may well be, having won every race since 1851, and they claim that Ranger, designed by the most scientific methods, is the fastest big yacht ever produced in America. To this we may reply that Endeavour II. appears to be appreciably the fastest ever designed in England. It looks like a grand contest, anyway, and how satisfactory it would be if Mr. Sopwith could break the sequence of American victories.

The Oxford and Cambridge athletes in America set Mr. Sopwith a good example by beating both Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Cornell. The Americans, I am told, were vastly impressed by the running of Godfrey Brown in the 440 and 880 yards. They think he is the best runner we have sent to America, and that tremendous finish of his startled the huge crowds. The A.A.A. Championships at the White City also produced some performances which encourage us to think that our athletic stock is on the up-grade. D. O. Finlay's record of 14·5 sec. in the 120 yards high hurdles against a stiff breeze was remarkable, and S. C. Wooderson's victory in the mile was a fine effort, with a strong challenge made by young D. B. Pell, of the Herne Hill Harriers to show that there is plenty of good stuff coming along.

If the Tokyo Olympic Games were taking place next year, our chances, given wise organisation and preparation, would be fairly healthy. We have to wait until 1940, though, when some of our present champions may be on the slide. Men like Pell are therefore important, and they should be given every encouragement.

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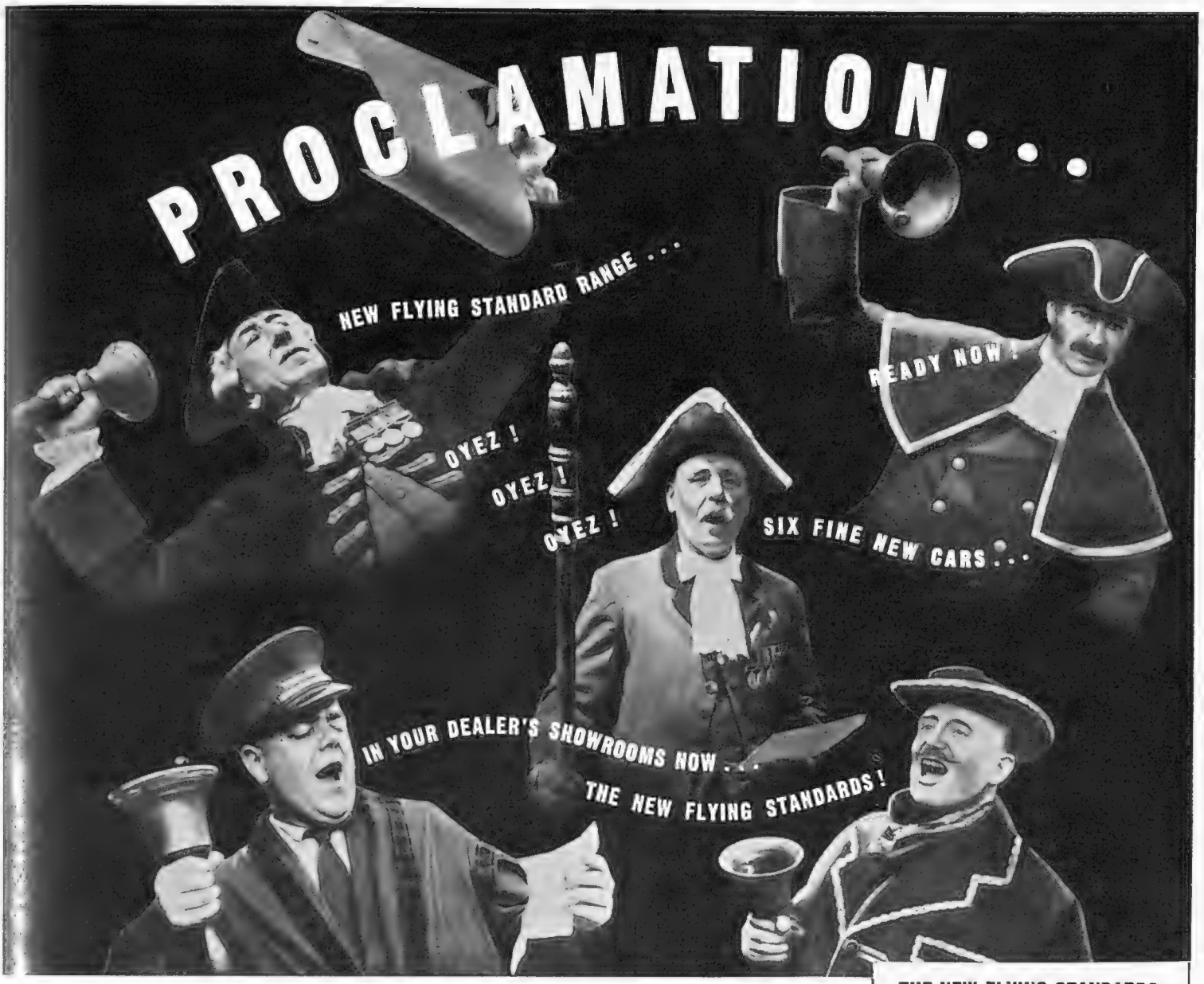

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September 6th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 7th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 10th, 1937.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts. Entries close on Thursday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1936 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 9th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 6th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1937, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

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Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

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Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these.

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Home Address .....

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Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth ..... *Club (if any)* .....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)* .....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 28 — August 3

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed, Sat., 2.30.

COMUS.—Milton's lovely mask is preceded by Nina Theilade's ballet: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Sir Barry Jackson's ninth presentation of music and drama in the West Country town; Shaw, Sheridan, Fielding and others.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.—Cyril Raymond and Gillian Lind are now with Keneth Kent and Dorothy Hyson in this triangle drama of country life: Cambridge, 8.40 Tues., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WOMEN OF PROPERTY.—Griffith Jones and Mary Morris in a parochial unravelling of passions set in Finland: Queen's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley; excellent décor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30. Wed., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 94.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage Coliseum, 2.15 and 8.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's school life comedy is back again, with the same cast—Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Walter Bird

Anna of "Anthony and Anna"

St. John Ervine's lightest of light comedies wanted to come off after a short run, but the cast took it over and it is now well beyond its 700th performance at the Whitehall. Lucille Lisle plays Anna to Harold Warrender's Anthony

First Nights

THE FIRST LEGION.—All the characters in this are Jesuit priests: Daly's, to-night, 28th.

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—Run in conjunction with the Vic-Wells company, it has a distinguished cast—Diana Wynyard, Marie Ney, Emlyn Williams, Cecil Trouncer: Opens on Friday, 30th.

THE GUSHER.—Ian Hay's new play is on a bigger scale than *The Frog*, and has an oil well as theme; adventure rather than thrills: Prince's, Saturday, 31st.

THE WINTER'S TALE.—Fay Compton plays Paulina in the open air production: Regent's Park, Monday, 2nd

CINEMAS

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in the very fine if unhistorical army drama: Rialto.

DEVIL AND THE DEEP (American).—Revival of this submarine drama with Charles Laughton, Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper: Plaza.

DER HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings has a stern part as "the boss" in this 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Witty dialogue and direction, and amusing acting by Claudette Colbert. Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young: Carlton.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (British).—Rider Haggard's tale filmed has Paul Robeson as star and Cedric Hardwicke, John Loder and Anna Lee in support: Gaumont.

THE LILAC DOMINO (American).—June Knight and Michael Bartlett in a straightforward adaptation of the operetta: London Pavilion.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

MAD GIRL (French).—Danielle Darrieux in a soufflé of farce and love in unlikely situations: Curzon

ON THE AVENUE (American).—Madeleine Carroll, Dick Powell, Alice Faye and the Ritz Brothers in Irving Berlin's spectacular subject: Regal.

QUALITY STREET (American).—Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone together for the first time in Barrie's gentle romance: New Gallery.

THE 13TH CHAIR (American).—Dame May Whitty in this: Empire.

WINGS OF THE MORNING (British).—Fine technicolour and not bad story for Annabella and Henry Fonda in a romantic Irish yarn: Marble Arch Pavilion.

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—Molly Picon in an infectiously gay comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue: Academy.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES at Covent Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LES PAPILLONS, SCHEHERAZADE, LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE.—To-day, 28th (mat.).

CENT BAISERS, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, LE BEAU DANUBE.—To-night, 28th.

LES FEMMES DE BONNE HUMEUR, TRICORNE, L'OISEAU DE FEU.—Thurs., 29th.

JEUX D'ENFANTS, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, L'OISEAU DE FEU.—Fri., 30th.

LAC DE CYGNES, CLEOPATRA, LE BEAU DANUBE.—Sat., 31st (mat.).

FINAL PROGRAMME TO BE ARRANGED.—Sat., 31st.

SPORT

GOODWOOD RACE MEETING.—Until Friday, 30th.

FAREWELL HANDICAP POLO TOURNAMENT.—Ranelagh, Sat., 31st.

FINALS OF "PAUL JONES" TOURNAMENT.—Roehampton, Sat., 31st.

ROYAL REGATTA.—Opens at Cowes, Mon., 2nd.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.—Opens on Tues., 3rd.

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WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Betty Dennis

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Dennis, of 25, Denmark Avenue, S.W.19; she is engaged to Erskine Arthur Hamilton Fisher, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Wanley House, Eastergate, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Marguerite Douglas-Jones

Is engaged to Raymond Porter, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Lynden Porter, of Langley Rectory, near Maidstone. She is Sir Crawford and Lady Douglas-Jones' daughter; they live at Westways, Coxheath, Maidstone

Tunbridge

Norah May Halse

Is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. F. T. Halse, of Elmstead Grange, Chislehurst, Kent; she is engaged to Lt. Robert Lawrence Franklin, Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, son of Mrs. A. M. Franklin, of Maxville, Ontario

Lenare

Patricia Campbell-Smith

Is the youngest daughter of the late Col. and Mrs. Stuart Campbell, of Charleston, U.S.A., and is engaged to Jeffrey Kindersley Quill, youngest son of the late Arthur Quill and Mrs. Qu[illegible], of Heywood, Westbury, Wil[illegible].

Lenare

Joyce Violet Godber

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Godber, of Southmead, Wimbledon Park, and is engaged to Andrew Agnew, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Agnew, of Glenlee, New Galloway, Kirkcudbrightshire

Speaight

Enid Grace Long

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Long, of Gorse Bank, Heathside Park Road, Woking, and is engaged to Dr. John Cann, only son of His Honour Sir William and Lady Cann, of 78, Clarence Road St. Albans

Lenare

Cecily Joyce Kidston

Is engaged to Nicholas Kaye, third son of the late Dr. H. M. Kaye and Mrs. Kaye, of Broughton House, Melksham; she is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kidston, of Hazelbury Manor, Box, Wilts.

Le[illegible]re

Vivien Chance

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Chance, of 86, Westfield Road, Edgbaston; she is engaged to Peter Hordern, second son of Capt. and the late Mrs. E. J. C. Hordern, of Stratford House, Holt, Wilts.

Stuart Hamilton

Cashie Bell

Cashie Rongnye Fernie Bell, elder daughter of Sir Charles and the late Lady Bell, of Edgcumbe, Crowthorne, Berks., is engaged to George Kempthorne Collett, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Collett, of Woodhill, Crowthorne

Newton — Northey

At Epsom Parish Church, Oliver Newton, of Southern Rhodesia, youngest son of the late Henry Newton and Mrs. Newton, of 10, Beaufort Gardens, S.W.3, married Isobel Northey, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Edward and Lady Northey, of Woodcote House, Epsom

Gutteridge — Church

John Gutteridge, son of the late Richard Gutteridge and Mrs. Gutteridge, of West Dean, Dunstable, Beds., and Brenda Church, only daughter of Mr. D. B. Church, of 49, Thistle Barrow Road, Queen's Park, Bournemouth, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

Whitaker — Agnew

Joseph Stanley Desmond Whitaker, only son of the late Stanley Whitaker and Mrs. Whitaker, of Northwood House, Ilkley, Yorks., and Jacquelin Agnew, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Agnew, of Lane Farm, Bovingdon, Herts., were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Lenare

Chamen — Todhunter

Lawrence Herbert Chamen, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Chamen, of Millfield, near Brentwood, Essex, and Christina Ella Hope Todhunter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Todhunter, of Kingsmoor, Great Parndon, Essex, were married at Great Parndon

Catherine Bell

Causton — Miller

Eric Causton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hildred Causton, of Compton Dundon, Somerset, married Elizabeth Miller at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melvill Miller, of 23, Chelsea Park Gdns., S.W.3, and is one of the leading dancers of the Vic-Wells ballet

Burgess — Currie

...igel Burgess, younger son of the late Comdr. Malcolm Burgess, and Mrs. John Bassett, of Ascot Hill, Ascot, and Sylvia Constance Currie, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Ivor Currie, D.S.O., R.A., and the late Mrs. Currie, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Gould — Hanson

At Esher Parish Church, Howard Jay Gould, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bradshaw Gould, of Park Langley, Kent, married Nan Hanson, second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. R. Hanson, of Oaklands, The Walls, Hampton Court

The Rev. Lord Byron, Mr. and Mrs. R. Du Cane

The Rev. Lord Byron, Vicar of Thrumpton, officiated there at the wedding of Richard Du Cane, son of Mr. C. H. C. Du Cane, of Dinard, and Mrs. Dorothy Du Cane, of 30, Ovington Square, S.W., to Eileen Bridge, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. T. C. Bridge, of Clarewood Court, W.

Prescott — Edwards

Left: Edward Nevill Prescott, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. C. Prescott, of The Clock House, Salfords, Surrey, and Imogen Powell Edwards, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. I. Powell Edwards, of Odintune Place, Lewes, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Linton — Halbert

Left: Robert Linton and Betty Dickson Halbert were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the elder son of Sir Richard and Lady Linton, of 34, Cadogan Square, S.W.; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Halbert, of Perth, W. Australia

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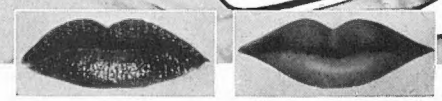

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LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 — No Entrance Fee

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — JULY

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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